THE ANTIQUARY.

Serfojee Rajah. 1827
1145

THE

ANTIQUARY.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY" AND "GUY MANNERING."

I knew Anselmo. He was shrewd and prudent,
Wisdom and cunning had their shares of him;
But he was shrewish as a wayward child,
And pleased again by toys which childhood please;
As—book of fables graced with print of wood,
Or else the jingling of a rusty medal,
Or the rare melody of some old ditty,
That first was sung to please King Pepin's cradle.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by James Ballantyne and Co.

FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH; AND
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
LONDON.

1816.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The present Work completes a series of fictitious narratives, intended to illustrate the manners of Scotland at three different periods. Waverley embraced the age of our fathers, Guy Mannering that of our own youth, and the Antiquary refers to the last ten years of the eighteenth century. I have, in the two last narratives especially, sought my principal personages in the class of society who are

the last to feel the influence of that general polish which assimilates to each other the manners of different nations. Among the same class I have placed some of the scenes, in which I have endeavoured to illustrate the operation of the higher and more violent passions; both because the lower orders are less restrained by the habit of suppressing their feelings, and because I agree with Mr Wordsworth, that they seldom fail to express them in the strongest and most powerful language. This is, I think, peculiarly the case with the peasantry of my own country, a class with whom I have long been familiar. The antique

force and simplicity of their language often tinctured with the oriental eloquence of Scripture, in the mouths of those of an elevated understanding, give pathos to their grief, and dignity to their resentment.

I have been more solicitous to describe manners minutely, than to arrange in any case an artificial and combined narration, and have but to regret that I felt myself unable to unite these two requisites of a good Novel.

The knavery of the Adept in the following sheets may appear forced and improbable; but we have had very late instances of the force of superstitious credulity to a much greater ex-

tent, and the reader may be assured, that this part of the narrative is founded on a fact of actual occurrence.

I have now only to express my gratitude to the public, for the distinguished reception which they have given to works, that have little more than some truth of colouring to recommend them, and to take my respectful leave, as one who is not likely again to solicit their favour.

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CHAPTER I.

"Go call a coach, and let a coach be call'd,
And let the man who calleth be the caller;
And in his calling let him nothing call,
But Coach! Coach! Coach! O for a coach, ye gods!"

Chrononhotonthologos.

It was early in a fine summer's day, near the end of the eighteenth century, when a young man, of genteel appearance, having occasion to go towards the north-east of Scotland, provided himself with a ticket in one of those public carriages which travel between Edinburgh and the

Queensferry, at which place, as the name implies, and as is well known to all my northern readers, there is a passage-boat for crossing the Firth of Forth. The coach was calculated to carry six regular passengers, besides such interlopers as the coachman could pick up by the way, and intrude upon those who were legally in possession. The tickets, which conferred right to a seat in this vehicle of little ease, were dispensed by a sharp-looking old dame, with a pair of spectacles on a very thin nose, who inhabited a "laigh shop," *anglicé*, a cellar, opening to the High-street by a strait and steep stair, at the bottom of which she sold tape, thread, needles, skeans of worsted, coarse linen cloth, and such feminine gear, to those who had the courage and skill to descend to the profundity of her dwelling, without falling headlong themselves, or throwing down any of the numerous articles which, piled on each side of the descent, indicated the profession of the trader below.

The written hand-bill, which, pasted on a projecting board, announced that the Queensferry Diligence, or Hawes Fly, departed precisely at twelve o'clock on Tuesday, the fifteenth July, 17—, in order to secure for travellers the opportunity of passing the Firth with the flood-tide, lied upon the present occasion like a bulletin; for although that hour was pealed from Saint Giles's steeple, and repeated by the Tron, no coach appeared upon the appointed stand. It is true, only two tickets had been taken out, and possibly the lady of the subterranean mansion might have an understanding with her Automedon, that, in such cases, a little space was to be allowed for the chance of filling up the vacant places—or the said Automedon might have been attending a funeral, and be delayed by the necessity of stripping his vehicle of its lugubrious trappings—or he might have staid to take a half-mutchkin extraordinary with his crony

the ostler—or—in short, he did not make his appearance.

The young gentleman, who began to grow somewhat impatient, was now joined by a companion in this petty misery of human life—the person who had taken out the other place. He who is bent upon a journey is usually easily to be distinguished from his fellow-citizens. The boots, the great-coat, the umbrella, the little bundle in his hand, the hat pulled over his resolved brows, the determined importance of his pace, his brief answers to the salutations of lounging acquaintances, are all marks by which the experienced traveller in mail-coach or diligence can distinguish, at a distance, the companion of his future journey, as he pushes onward to the place of rendezvous. It is then that, with worldly wisdom, the first comer hastens to secure the best birth in the coach for himself, and to make the most convenient arrangement for his bag-

gage before the arrival of his competitor. Our youth, who was gifted with little prudence of any sort, and who was, moreover, by the absence of the coach, deprived of the power of availing himself of his priority of choice, amused himself, instead, by speculating upon the occupation and character of the personage who was now come to the coach-office.

He was a good-looking man of the age of sixty, perhaps older, but his hale complexion and firm step announced that years had not impaired his strength or health. His countenance was of the true Scottish cast, strongly marked, and rather harsh in features, with a shrewd and penetrating eye, and a countenance in which habitual gravity was enlivened by a cast of ironical humour. His dress was uniform, and of a colour becoming his age and gravity; a wig, well dressed and powdered, surmounted by a slouched hat, had something of a professional air. He might be a clergyman, yet his appearance was more that of

a man of the world than usually belongs to the kirk of Scotland, and his first ejaculation put the matter beyond question.

He arrived with a hurried pace, and, casting an alarmed glance towards the dial-plate of the church, then looking at the place where the coach should have been, exclaimed, "De'il's in it—I am too late after all."

The young man relieved his anxiety by telling him the coach had not yet appeared. The old gentleman, apparently conscious of his own want of punctuality, did not at first feel courageous enough to censure that of the coachman. He took a parcel, containing apparently a large folio, from a little boy who followed him, and, patting him on the head, bid him go back and tell Mr B——, that if he had known he was to have had so much time, he would have put another word or two to their bargain,—then told the boy to mind his business, and he would be as thriving a lad as ever dusted a duodecimo. The boy linger-

ed, perhaps in hopes of a penny to buy marbles, but none was forthcoming. Our senior leaned his little bundle upon one of the posts at the head of the staircase, and, facing the traveller who had first arrived, waited in silence for about five minutes the arrival of the expected diligence.

At length, after one or two impatient glances at the progress of the minute-hand of the clock, having compared it with his own watch, a huge and antique gold repeater, and having twitched about his features to give due emphasis to one or two peevish pshaws, he hailed the old lady of the cavern.

"Good woman,—what the d—l is her name?—Mrs Macleuchar!"——

Mrs Macleuchar, aware that she had a defensive part to sustain in the encounter which was to follow, was in no hurry to hasten the discussion by returning a ready answer.

"Mrs Macleuchar—Good woman," (with an elevated voice)—then apart, "Old doit-

ed hag, she's as deaf as a post—I say, Mrs Macleuchar!"——

"I am just serving a customer.—Indeed, hinny, it will no be a bodle cheaper than I tell ye."

"Woman," reiterated the traveller, "do you think we can stand here all day till you have cheated that poor servant wench out of her half-year's fee and bountith?"

"Cheated!" retorted Mrs Macleuchar, eager to take up the quarrel upon a defensible ground; "I scorn your words, sir; you are an uncivil person, and I desire you will not stand there to slander me at my ain stairhead."

"The woman," said the senior, looking with an arch glance at his destined travelling companion, "does not understand the words of action.—Woman," again turning to the vault, "I arraign not thy character, but I desire to know what is become of thy coach."

"What's your will?" answered Mrs Macleuchar, relapsing into deafness.

"We have taken places, ma'am," said the younger stranger, "in your diligence for Queensferry"—"Which should have been half-way on the road before now," continued the elder and more impatient traveller, rising in wrath as he spoke; "and now in all likelihood we shall miss the tide, and I have business of importance on the other side—and your cursed coach"——

"The coach?—gude guide us, gentlemen, is it no on the stand yet?" answered the old lady, her shrill tone of expostulation sinking into a kind of apologetic whine; "Is it the coach ye can have been waiting for?"

"What else could have kept us broiling in the sun by the side of the gutter here, you—you faithless woman?"

Mrs Macleuchar now ascended her trap stair, (for such it might be called, though composed of stone,) until her nose came upon a level with the pavement; then, after wiping her spectacles to look for

that which she well knew was not to be found, she exclaimed, with well-feigned astonishment, "Gude guide us—saw ever ony body the like o' that!"

"Yes, you abominable woman," vociferated the traveller, "many have seen the like of it, and all will see the like of it, that have any thing to do with your trolloping sex;" then, pacing in great indignation before the door of the shop, still as he passed and repassed, like a vessel who gives her broadside as she comes abreast of a hostile fortress, he shot down complaints, threats, and reproaches, on the embarrassed Mrs Macleuchar. He would take a post-chaise—he would call a hackney-coach—he would take four horses—he must—he would be on the north side to-day—and all the expence of his journey, besides damages, direct and consequential, arising from delay, should be accumulated on the devoted head of Mrs Macleuchar.

There was something so comic in his

pettish resentment, that the younger traveller, who was in no such pressing hurry to depart, could not help being amused with it, especially as it was obvious, that every now and then the old gentleman, though very angry, could not help laughing at his own vehemence. But when Mrs Macleuchar began also to join in the laughter, he quickly put a stop to her ill-timed merriment.

"Woman," said he, "is that advertisement thine?" shewing a bit of crumpled printed paper: "Does it not set forth, that, God willing, as you hypocritically express it, the Hawes Fly, or Queensferry Diligence, would set forth to-day at twelve o'clock, and is it not, thou falsest of creatures, now a quarter past twelve, and no such fly or diligence to be seen?—Doest thou know the consequence of seducing the lieges by false reports?—Doest thou know it might be brought under the statute of leasing-making? Answer; and for once in thy long, useless, and evil life, let it be in the words of truth

and sincerity—hast thou such a coach?—Is it in *rerum natura?*—or is this base annunciation a mere swindle on the incautious, to beguile them of their time, their patience, and three shillings of sterling money of this realm?—Hast thou, I say, such a coach? aye or no?"

"O dear, yes, sir; the neighbours ken the diligence weel, green picked out wi' red—three yellow wheels and a black ane."

"Woman, thy special description will not serve—it may be only a lie with a circumstance."

"O, man, man!" said the overwhelmed Mrs Macleuchar, totally exhausted by having been so long the butt of his rhetoric, "take back your three shillings, and mak me quit o' ye."

"Not so fast, not so fast, woman—will three shillings transport me to Queensferry agreeably to thy treacherous program?—or will it requite the damage I may sustain by leaving my business undone, or repay the expences which I must disburse if

I am obliged to tarry a day at the South Ferry for lack of tide?—Will it hire, I say, a pinnace, for which alone the regular price is five shillings?"

Here his argument was cut short by a lumbering noise, which proved to be the advance of the expected vehicle, pressing forward with all the dispatch to which the broken-winded jades that drew it could possibly be urged. With ineffable pleasure, Mrs Macleuchar saw her tormentor deposited in the leathern convenience; but still, as it was driving off, his head thrust out of the window reminded her, in words drowned amid the rumbling of the wheels, that, if the diligence did not attain the Ferry in time to save the flood-tide, she, Mrs Macleuchar, should be held responsible for all the consequences.

The coach had continued in motion for a mile or two before the stranger had completely repossessed himself of his equanimity, as was manifested by the doleful

ejaculations which he made from time to time on the too great probability, or even certainty, of their missing the flood-tide. By degrees, however, his wrath subsided; he wiped his brows, relaxed his frown, and, undoing the parcel in his hand, produced his folio, on which he gazed from time to time with the knowing look of an amateur, admiring its height and condition, and ascertaining, by a minute and individual inspection of each leaf, that the volume was uninjured and entire from title-page to colophon. Hisfellow-traveller took the liberty of enquiring the subject of his studies. He lifted up his eyes with something of a sarcastic glance, as if he supposed the young querist would not relish, or perhaps understand, his answer, and pronounced the book to be Sandy Gordon's Itinerarium Septentrionale, a book illustrative of the Roman remains in Scotland. The querist, unappalled by this learned title, proceeded to put several questions, which indicated, that he had made good use of a good

education, and, although not possessed of minute information on the subject of antiquities, had yet acquaintance enough with the classics to render him an interested and intelligent auditor when they were enlarged upon. The elder traveller, observing with pleasure the capacity of his temporary companion to understand and answer him, plunged, nothing loth, into a sea of discussion concerning urns, vases, votive altars, Roman camps, and the rules of castrametation.

The pleasure of this discourse had such a dulcifying tendency, that, although two causes of delay occurred, each of much more serious duration than that which had drawn down his wrath upon the unlucky Mrs Macleuchar, our ANTIQUARY only bestowed upon the delay the honour of a few episodical poohs and pshaws, which rather seemed to regard the interruption of his disquisition than the delay of his journey.

The first of these stops was occasioned by

the breaking of a spring, which half an hour's labour hardly repaired. To the second, the Antiquary was himself accessory, if not the principal cause of it; for, observing that one of the horses had cast a forefoot shoe, he apprized the coachman of this important deficiency. "It's Jamie Martingale that furnishes the naigs on contract, and uphauds them," answered John, "and I am not entitled to make any stop, or to suffer prejudice by the like of these accidents."

"And when you go to—I mean where you deserve, you scoundrel,—who do you think will uphold *you* on contract? If you don't stop directly and carry the poor brute to the next smithy, I'll have you punished, if there's a justice of peace in Mid-Lothian," and, opening the coach door, out he jumped, while the coachman obeyed his orders, muttering, that "if the gentlemen lost the tide now, they could not say but it was their ain fault, since he was willing to get on."

I like so little to analyze the complication of the causes which influence actions, that I will not venture to ascertain whether our Antiquary's humanity to the poor horse was not in some degree aided by his desire of shewing his companion a Pict's camp or Round-about, a subject which he had been elaborately discussing, and of which a specimen, "very curious and perfect indeed," happened to exist about an hundred yards distant from the place where this interruption took place. But were I compelled to decompose the motives of my worthy friend, (for such was the gentleman in the sober suit, with powdered wig and slouched hat,) I should say, that, although he certainly would not in any case have suffered the coachman to proceed while the horse was unfit for service, and likely to suffer by being urged forward, yet the man of whip-cord escaped some severe abuse and reproach by the agreeable mode which the traveller found out to pass the interval of delay.

So much time was consumed by these interruptions of their journey, that when they descended the hill above the Hawes, (for so the inn on the southern side of the Queensferry is denominated,) the experienced eye of the Antiquary at once discerned, from the extent of wet sand, and the number of black stones and rocks, covered with sea-weed, which were visible along the skirts of the shore, that the hour of tide was past. The young traveller expected a burst of indignation; but whether, as Croaker says in "The Good-natured Man," our hero had exhausted himself in fretting away his misfortunes beforehand, so that he did not feel them when they actually arrived, or whether he found the company in which he was placed too congenial to repine at any thing which delayed his journey, it is certain that he submitted to his lot with much resignation.

"The d—l's in the diligence and the old hag it belongs to! Diligence, quoth I? Thou should'st have called it the Sloth

—Fly! quoth she? why, it moves like a fly through a glue-pot, as the Irishman says. But, however, time and tide tarry for no man; and so, my young friend, we'll have a snack here at the Hawes, which is a very decent sort of a place, and I'll be very happy to finish the account I was giving you of the difference between the mode of entrenching *castra stativa* and *castra æstiva*, things confounded by too many of our historians. Lack-a-day, if they had ta'en the pains to satisfy their own eyes, instead of following each other's blind guidance! —Well! we shall be pretty comfortable at the Hawes, and besides, after all, we must have dined somewhere, and it will be pleasanter sailing with the tide of ebb and the evening breeze."

In this Christian temper of making the best of all occurrences, our travellers alighted at the Hawes.

CHAPTER II.

Sir, they do scandal me upon the road here!
A poor quotidian rack of mutton, roasted
Dry to be grated! and that driven down
With beer and butter-milk, mingled together.
It is against my freehold, my inheritance.
WINE is the word that glads the heart of man,
And mine's the house of wine. *Sack*, says my bush,
Be merry and drink Sherry, that's my posie.
BEN JONSON'S *New Inn*.

As the senior traveller descended the crazy steps of the diligence at the inn, he was greeted by the fat, gouty, pursy landlord, with that mixture of familiarity and respect which the Scotch innkeepers of the old school used to assume towards their more valued customers. "Have a care o' us, Monkbarns, (distinguishing him by his territorial epithet, always most agreeable to the ear of a Scottish proprietor) is this you? I little thought to have seen your

honour here till the summer session was ower."

"Ye donnard auld devil," answered Monkbarns, his Scottish accent predominating when in anger, though otherwise not particularly remarkable, "ye donnard auld crippled idiot, what have I to do with the session or the geese that flock to it, or the hawks that pick their pinions for them?"

"Troth, and that's true," said mine host, who, in fact, only spoke upon a very general recollection of the stranger's original education, yet would have been sorry not to have been supposed accurate as to the station and profession of him, or any other occasional guest—"That's very true—but I thought you had some law affair of your ain to look after—I have ane mysell—a ganging plea that my father left me, and his father afore left to him. It's about our back-yard—ye'll maybe hae heard of it in the Parliament-house, Hutchinson against Mackitchinson—it's a weel-kenn'd plea—

it's been four times in afore the fifteen, and de'il ony thing the wisest o' them could make o't, but just to send it out again to the outer-house.—O it's a beautiful thing to see how lang and how carefully justice is considered in this country !"

" Hold your tongue, you fool," said the traveller, but in great good-humour, " and tell us what you can give this young gentleman and me for dinner."

" Ou, there's fish, nae doubt,—that's sea-trout and caller haddocks," said Mackitchinson, twisting his napkin ; " and ye'll be for a mutton-chop, and there's cranberry tarts, very weel preserved, and —and there's just ony thing else ye like."

" Which is to say, there is nothing else whatever—well, well, the fish, and the chop, and the tarts, will do very well. But don't imitate the cautious delay that you praise in the courts of justice. Let there be no remits from the inner to the outer house, hear ye me ?"

"Na, na," said Mackitchinson, whose long and heedful perusal of volumes of printed session papers had made him acquainted with some law phrases—"the denner shall be served *quam primum*, and that *peremptorie*." And with the flattering laugh of a promising host, he left them in his sanded parlour, hung with prints of the Four Seasons.

As, notwithstanding his pledge to the contrary, the glorious delays of the law were not without their parallel in the kitchen of the inn, our younger traveller had an opportunity to step out and make some enquiry at the people of the house concerning the rank and station of his companion. The information which he received was of a general and less authentic nature, but quite sufficient to make him acquainted with the name, history, and circumstances of the gentleman, whom we shall endeavour, in a few words, to introduce more accurately to our readers.

Jonathan Oldenbuck, or Oldinbuck, by popular contraction Oldbuck, of Monkbarns, was the second son of a gentleman possessed of a small property in the neighbourhood of a thriving sea-port town in the north-eastern coast of Scotland, which, for various reasons, we shall denominate Fairport. They had been established for several generations as landholders in the county, and in most shires of England would have been accounted a family of some standing. But the shire of —— was filled with gentlemen of more ancient descent and larger fortune. In the last generation also, the neighbouring gentry had been almost uniformly Jacobites, while the proprietors of Monkbarns, like the burghers of the town near which they were settled, were steady assertors of the Protestant succession. The latter had, however, a pedigree of their own, on which they prided themselves as much as those who despised them valued their respective Saxon, Norman, or Celtic genealogies. The first Oldenbuck, who

Ally, the detachment to which he belonged was cut off, and no news ever reached his unfortunate wife whether he fell in battle, or was murdered in prison, or survived, in what the habits of the Indian tyrant rendered a hopeless captivity. She sunk under the accumulated load of grief and uncertainty, and left her children to the charge of her brother, the existing laird of Monkbarns.

The history of that proprietor himself is soon told. Being, as we have said, a second son, his father destined him to a share in a substantial mercantile concern, carried on by some of his maternal relations. From this Jonathan's mind revolted in the most irreconcileable manner. He was then put apprentice to the profession of a writer, or attorney, in which he profited so far, that he made himself master of the whole forms of feudal investitures, and shared such pleasure in reconciling their incongruities, and tracing their origin,

that his master had great hope he would one day be an able conveyancer. But he halted upon the threshold, and, though he acquired some knowledge of the origin and system of the law of his country, he could never be persuaded to apply it to lucrative and practical purposes. It was not from any inconsiderate neglect of the advantages attending the possession of money that he thus deceived the hopes of his master. "Were he thoughtless or light-headed, or *rei suæ prodigus*," said his instructor, "I would know what to make of him. But he never pays away a shilling without looking anxiously after the change, makes his sixpence go farther than another lad's half-crown, and will ponder over an old black-letter copy of the acts of parliament for days, rather than go to the golf or the change-house; and yet he will not bestow one of these days on a little business of routine, that would put twenty shillings in his pocket—

had settled in their family mansion shortly after the Reformation, was, they asserted, descended from one of the original printers of Germany, and had left his country in consequence of the persecutions directed against the professors of the reformed religion. He had found a refuge in the town near which his posterity dwelt, the more readily that he was a sufferer in the Protestant cause, and certainly not the less so, that he brought with him money enough to purchase the small estate of Monkbarns, then sold by a dissipated laird to whose father it had been gifted, with other church-lands, upon the dissolution of the great and wealthy monastery to which it had belonged. The Oldenbucks were therefore loyal subjects on all occasions of insurrection; and, as they kept up a good intelligence with the borough, it chanced that the Laird of Monkbarns, who flourished in 1745, was provost of the town during that ill-fated year, and had exerted himself with much spirit in

favour of King George, and even been put to expences on that score, which, according to the liberal conduct of the existing government towards their friends, had never been repaid him. By dint of solicitation, however, and borough interest, he contrived to gain a place in the customs, and, being a frugal careful man, had found himself enabled to add considerably to his paternal fortune. He had only two sons, of whom, as we have hinted, the present laird was the younger, and two daughters, one of whom still flourished in single blessedness, and the other, who was greatly more juvenile, made a love-match with a captain in the *Forty-twa*, who had no other fortune but his commission and a Highland pedigree. Poverty disturbed a union which love would otherwise have made happy, and Captain M'Intyre, in justice to his wife and two infants, a boy and girl, had found himself obliged to seek his fortune in the East Indies. Being ordered upon an expedition against Hyder

a strange mixture of frugality and industry, and negligent indolence—I don't know what to make of him."

But in process of time his pupil gained the means of making what he pleased of himself, for his father having died, was not long survived by his eldest son, an arrant fisher and fowler, who departed this life, in consequence of a cold caught in his vocation, while shooting ducks in the swamp called Kittlefitting-moss, notwithstanding his having drunk a bottle of brandy that very night to keep the cold out of his stomach. Jonathan, therefore, succeeded to the estate, and with it to the means of subsisting without the hated drudgery of the law. His wishes were very moderate; and as the rent of his small property rose with the improvement of the country, it soon greatly exceeded his wants and expenditure; and though too indolent to make money, he was by no means insensible to the pleasure of beholding it accumulate. The burghers of

the town near which he lived regarded him with some sort of envy, as one who affected to divide himself from their rank in society, and whose studies and pleasures seemed to them alike incomprehensible. Still, however, a sort of hereditary respect for the laird of Monkbarns, augmented by the knowledge of his being a ready-money man, kept up his consequence with this class of his neighbours. The country gentlemen were generally above him in fortune, and beneath him in intellect, and, excepting one with whom he lived in habits of intimacy, had little intercourse with Mr Oldbuck of Monkbarns. He had, however, the usual resources, the company of the clergyman, and of the doctor, when he chose to request it, and also his own pursuits and pleasures, being in correspondence with most of the virtuosi of his time, who, like himself, measured decayed entrenchments, made plans of ruined castles, read illegible inscriptions, and wrote essays upon medals

in the proportion of twelve pages to each letter of the legend. Some habits of hasty irritation he had contracted, partly, it was said, in the borough of Fairport, from an early disappointment in love, in virtue of which he had commenced Misogynist, as he called it, but yet more by the obsequious attention paid to him by his maiden sister and his orphan niece, whom he had trained to consider him as the greatest man upon earth, and whom he used to boast of as the only women he had ever seen who were well broke-in and bitted to obedience; though, it must be owned, Miss Grizzy Oldbuck was sometimes apt to *jibb* when he pulled the reins too tight. The rest of his character must be gathered from the story, and we dismiss with pleasure the tiresome task of recapitulation.

During the time of dinner, Mr Oldbuck, actuated by the same curiosity which his fellow-traveller had entertained on his account, made some advances, which his age and station entitled him to do in a

more direct manner, towards ascertaining the name, destination, and quality of his young companion.

His name, the young gentleman said, was Lovel.

"What! the Cat, the Rat, and Lovel our dog? Was he descended from King Richard's favourite?"

"He had no pretensions," he said, "to call himself a whelp of that litter; his father was a north-of-England gentleman. He was at present travelling to Fairport, (the town near to which Monkbarns was situated,) and, if he found the place agreeable, might perhaps remain there for some weeks."

"Was Mr Lovel's excursion solely for pleasure?"

"Not entirely."

"Perhaps on business with some of the commercial people of Fairport?"

"It was partly on business, but had no reference to commerce."

Here he paused; and Mr Oldbuck ha-

ving pushed his enquiries as far as good manners permitted, was obliged to change the conversation. The Antiquary, though by no means an enemy to good cheer, was a determined foe to all unnecessary expence upon a journey; and upon his companion giving a hint concerning a bottle of port wine, he drew a direful picture of the mixture, which, he said, was usually sold under that denomination, and, affirming that a little punch was more genuine and better suited for the season, he laid his hand upon the bell to order the materials. But Mackitchinson had, in his own mind, settled their beverage otherwise, and appeared bearing in his hand an immense double quart bottle, or magnum, as it is called in Scotland, covered with saw-dust and cobwebs, the warrants of its antiquity.

"Punch!" said he, catching that generous sound as he entered the parlour, "the de'il a drap punch ye'se get here the day,

Monkbarns, and that ye may lay your account wi'."

"What do you mean, you impudent rascal?"

"Aye, aye, it's no matter for that—but do you mind the trick ye served me the last time ye were here?"

"I trick you!"

"Aye, just yoursell, Monkbarns. The Laird o' Tamlowrie, and Sir Gilbert Grizzlecleugh, and Auld Rossballoh, and the Baillie, were just sitting in to make an afternoon o't, and you, wi' some o' your auld warld stories, that the mind o' man canna resist, whirl'd them to the back o' beyont to look at the auld Roman camp—Ah, sir!" turning to Lovel, "he wad wile the bird aff the tree wi' the tales he tells about folk lang syne—and did not I lose the drinking o' sax pints o' gude claret, for the de'il ane wad hae stirr'd till he had seen that out at the least."

"D'ye hear the impudent scoundrel,"

said Monkbarns, but laughing at the same time; for the worthy landlord, as he used to boast, knew the measure of a guest's foot as well as e'er a souter on this side Solway; "well, well, you may send us in a bottle of port."

"Port! na, na! ye maun leave port and punch to the like o' us, it's claret that's fit for you lairds; and, I dare say, nane of the folk ye speak so much o' ever drank either of the twa."

"Do you hear how absolute the knave is? Well, my young friend, we must for once prefer the *Falernian* to the *vile Sabinum.*"

The ready landlord had the cork instantly extracted, decanted the wine into a vessel of suitable capaciousness, and, declaring it *parfumed* the very room, left his guests to make the most of it.

Mackitchinson's wine was really good, and had its effect upon the spirits of the elder guest, who told some good stories,

cut some sly jokes, and at length entered into a learned discussion concerning the ancient dramatists, a ground on which he found his new acquaintance so strong, that at length he began to suspect he had made them his professional study. "A traveller partly for business and partly for pleasure?—Why, the stage partakes of both; it is a labour to the performers, and affords, or is meant to afford, pleasure to the spectators. He seems, in manner and rank, above the class of young men who take that turn; but I remember hearing them say, that the little theatre at Fairport was to open with the performance of a young gentleman, being his first appearance on any stage—if this should be thee, Lovel?—Lovel? yes, Lovel or Belville are just the names which youngsters are apt to assume on such occasions—on my life, I am sorry for the lad."

Mr Oldbuck was habitually parsimonious, but not mean; his first thought was to

save his fellow-traveller any part of the expence of the entertainment, which he supposed must be in his situation more or less inconvenient. He therefore took an opportunity of settling privately with Mr Mackitchinson. The young traveller remonstrated against his liberality, and only acquiesced in deference to his years and respectability.

The mutual satisfaction which they found in each other's society, induced Mr Oldbuck to propose, and Lovel willingly to accept, a scheme for travelling together to the end of their journey. Mr Oldbuck intimated a wish to pay two-thirds of the hire of a post chaise, saying, that a proportional quantity of room was necessary to his accommodation; but this Mr Lovel resolutely declined. Their expence then was mutual, unless when Lovel occasionally slipt a shilling into the hand of a growling postillion, for Oldbuck, tenacious of ancient customs, never extended

his guerdon beyond eighteen-pence a stage. In this manner they travelled, until they arrived at Fairport about two o'clock on the following day.

Lovel probably expected that his travelling companion would have invited him to dinner upon his arrival; but his consciousness of a want of ready preparation for unexpected guests, and perhaps some other reasons, prevented Oldbuck from paying him that attention. He only begged to see him as early as he could make it convenient to call in a forenoon, recommended him to a widow who had apartments to let, and to a person who kept a decent ordinary, cautioning both of them apart, that he only knew Mr Lovel as a pleasant companion in a post-chaise, and did not mean to guarantee any bills which he might contract while residing at Fairport. The young gentleman's figure and manners, not to mention a well-furnished trunk, which soon arrived by

sea, to his address at Fairport, probably went as far in his favour as the limited recommendation of his fellow-traveller.

CHAPTER III.

He had a routh o' auld nick-nackets,
Rusty airn caps, and jinglin jackets,
Would held the Loudons three in tackets
A towmond gude;
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
Afore the flude.

After he had settled himself in his new apartments at Fairport, Mr Lovel bethought him of paying the requested visit to his fellow-traveller. He did not make it earlier, because, with all the old gentleman's good humour and information, there had sometimes glanced forth in his language and manners towards him an air of superiority, which his companion considered as being fully beyond what the difference of age warranted. He therefore

waited the arrival of his baggage from Edinburgh, that he might arrange his dress according to the fashion of the day, and make his exterior corresponding to the rank in society which he supposed or felt himself entitled to hold.

It was the fifth day after his arrival, that, having made the necessary enquiries concerning the road, he went forth to pay his respects at Monkbarns. A footpath leading over a heathy hill, and through two or three meadows, conducted him to this mansion, which stood upon the opposite side of the hill aforesaid, and commanded a fine prospect of the bay and shipping. Secluded from the town by the rising ground, which also screened it from the north-west wind, the house had a solitary and sheltered appearance. The exterior had little to recommend it. It was an irregular old-fashioned building, some part of which had belonged to a grange, or solitary farm-house, inhabited by the bailiff, or steward, of the monastery, when the

place was in possession of the monks. It was here that the community stored up the grain, which they received as ground-rent from their vassals; for, with the prudence belonging to their order, all their conventional revenues were made payable in kind, and hence, as the present proprietor loved to tell, came the name of Monkbarns. To the remains of the bailiff's house, the succeeding lay inhabitants had made various additions in proportion to the accommodation required by their families; and, as this was done with an equal contempt of convenience within and architectural regularity without, the whole bore the appearance of a hamlet which had suddenly stood still when in the act of leading down one of Amphion's, or Orpheus's, country dances. It was surrounded by tall clipped hedges of yew and holly, some of which still exhibited the skill of the *topiarian* artist, and presented curious arm-chairs, towers, and the figures of Saint George and the dragon.

The taste of Mr Oldbuck did not disturb these monuments of an art now unknown, and he was the less tempted so to do, as he must necessarily have broken the heart of the old gardener. One tall embowering holly was, however, sacred from the shears; and, on a garden seat beneath its shade, Lovel beheld his old friend with spectacles on nose, and pouch on side, busily employed in perusing the London Chronicle, soothed by the summer breeze through the rustling leaves, and the distant dash of the waves as they rippled upon the sand.

Mr Oldbuck immediately rose, and advanced to greet his travelling acquaintance with a hearty shake of the hand. "By my faith," said he, "I began to think you had changed your mind, and found the stupid people of Fairport so tiresome, that you judged them unworthy of your talents, and had taken French leave, as my old friend and brother antiquary, Mac-

Cribb did, when he went off with one of my Syrian medals."

"I hope, my good sir, I should have fallen under no such imputation."

"Quite as bad, let me tell you, if you had stolen yourself away without giving me the pleasure of seeing you again. I had rather you had taken my copper Otho himself. But come, let me shew you the way into my *sanctum sanctorum*, my cell I may call it, for, except two idle hussies of womankind, (by this contemptuous phrase, borrowed from his brother antiquary, the cynic Anthony a Wood, Mr Oldbuck was used to denote the fair sex in general, and his sister and niece in particular,) that, on some idle pretext of relationship, have established themselves in my premises, I live here as much a Cænobite as my predecessor, John o' the Girnell, whose grave I will shew you by and bye."

Thus speaking, the old gentleman shewed the way through a low door; but, before entrance, suddenly stopt short to

point out some vestiges of what he called an inscription, and, shaking his head as he pronounced it totally illegible, "Ah! if you but knew, Mr Lovel, the time and trouble that these mouldering traces of letters have cost me! No mother ever travailed so for a child—and all to no purpose—although I am almost positive that these two last marks imply the figures, or letters, LV, and may give us a good guess at the real date of the building, since we know *aliunde* that it was founded by Abbot Waldimir about the middle of the fourteenth century—and, I profess, I think that centre ornament might be made out by better eyes than mine."

"I think," answered Lovel, willing to humour the old man, "it has something the appearance of a mitre."

"I protest you are right! you are right! it never struck me before—see what it is to have younger eyes—a mitre, a mitre, it corresponds in every respect."

The resemblance was not much nearer

than that of Polonius's cloud to a whale, or an owzel; it was sufficient, however, to put the Antiquary's brains to work. "A mitre, my dear sir," continued he, as he shewed the way through a labyrinth of inconvenient and dark passages, and accompanied his disquisition with certain necessary cautions to his guest—"A mitre, my dear sir, will suit our abbot as well as a bishop—he was a mitred abbot, and at the very top of the roll—take care of these three steps—I know Mac-Cribb denies this, but it is as certain as that he took away my Antigonus, no leave asked—you'll see the name of the Abbot of Trotcosey, *Abbas Trottocosiensis*, at the head of the rolls of parliament in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—there is very little light here, and these cursed womankind always leave their tubs in the passage—now take care of the corner—ascend twelve steps and ye are safe."

Mr Oldbuck had, by this time, attained the top of the winding stair which led to

his own apartment, and opening a door, and pushing aside a piece of tapestry with which it was covered, his first exclamation was, "What are you about here, you sluts?" A dirty bare-footed chambermaid threw down her duster, detected in the heinous fact of arranging the *sanctum sanctorum*, and fled out of an opposite door from the face of her incensed master. A genteel-looking young woman, who was superintending the operation, stood her ground, but with some timidity.

"Indeed, uncle, your room was not fit to be seen, and I just came to see that Jenny laid every thing down where she took it up."

"And how dare you, or Jenny either, presume to meddle with my private matters? (Mr Oldbuck hated *putting to rights* as much as Dr Orkborne or any other professed student,) Go sew your sampler, you monkey, and do not let me find you here again, as you value your ears.—I assure you, Mr Lovel, that the last in-

road of these pretended friends to cleanliness was almost as fatal to my collection as Hudibras's visit to that of Sidrophel, and I have ever since missed

> 'My copperplate, with almanacks
> Engraved upon't, and other knacks;
> My moon-dial, with Napier's bones,
> And several constellation stones;
> My flea, my morpeon, and punaise,
> I purchased for my proper ease.'

And so forth, as old Butler has it."

The young lady, after curtesying to Lovel, had taken the opportunity to make her escape during this enumeration of losses. "You'll be poisoned here with the volumes of dust they have raised," continued the Antiquary, "but I assure you the dust was very ancient, peaceful, quiet dust, about an hour ago, and would have remained so for a hundred years, had not these gypsies disturbed it, as they do every thing else in the world."

It was, indeed, some time before Lovel

could, through the thick atmosphere, perceive in what sort of den his friend had constructed his retreat. It was a lofty room of middling size, obscurely lighted by high narrow latticed windows. One end was entirely occupied by book-shelves, greatly too limited in space for the number of volumes placed upon them, which were, therefore, drawn up in ranks of two and three files deep, while numberless others littered the floor and the tables, amid a chaos of maps, engravings, scraps of parchment, bundles of papers, pieces of old armour, swords, dirks, helmets, and highland targets. Behind Mr Oldbuck's seat, (which was an ancient leathern-covered easy-chair, worn smooth by constant use,) was a huge oaken cabinet, decorated at each corner with Dutch cherubs, having their little duck-wings displayed, and great jolter-headed visages placed between them. The top of this cabinet was covered with busts, and Roman lamps and pateræ, intermingled with

one or two bronze figures. The walls of the apartment were partly clothed with grim old tapestry, representing the memorable story of Sir Gawaine's wedding, in which full justice was done to the ugliness of the Lothely Lady; although, to judge from his own looks, the gentle knight had less reason to be disgusted with the match on account of disparity of outward favour, than the romancer has given us to understand. The rest of the room was pannelled, or wainscotted, with black oak, against which hung two or three portraits in armour, being characters in Scottish history, favourites of Mr Oldbuck, and as many in tie-wigs and laced coats, staring representatives of his own ancestors. A large old-fashioned oaken table was covered with a profusion of papers, parchments, books, and nondescript trinkets and gewgaws, which seemed to have little to recommend them, besides rust and the antiquity which it indicates. In the midst of this wreck of

ancient books and utensils, with a gravity equal to Marius among the ruins of Carthage sat a large black cat, which, to a superstitious eye, might have presented the *genius lœci,* the tutelar dæmon of the apartment. The floor, as well as the table and chairs, was overflowed by the same *mare magnum* of miscellaneous trumpery, where it would have been as impossible to find any individual article wanted, as to put it to any use when discovered.

Amid this medley, it was no easy matter to find one's way to a chair, without stumbling over a prostrate folio, or the still more awkward mischance of overturning some piece of Roman or ancient British pottery. And, when the chair was attained, it had to be disencumbered, with a careful hand, of engravings which might have received damage, and of antique spurs and buckles, which would certainly have occasioned it to any sudden occupant. Of this, the Antiquary made Lovel particularly aware, adding, that his friend, the Rev. Doctor Heavysterne from the Low

Countries, had sustained much injury by sitting down suddenly and incautiously on three ancient calthrops, or *craw-taes*, which had been lately dug up in the bog near Bannockburn, and which, dispersed by Robert Bruce to lacerate the feet of the English chargers, came thus in process of time to endamage the sitting part of a learned professor of Utrecht.

Having at length fairly settled himself, and being nothing loth to make enquiry concerning the strange objects around him, which his host was equally ready, as far as possible, to explain, Lovel was introduced to a large club, or bludgeon, with an iron spike at the end of it, which, it seems, had been lately found in a field on the Monkbarns property, adjacent to an old burying-ground. It had mightily the air of such a stick as the Highland reapers use to walk with on their annual peregrinations from their mountains. But Mr Oldbuck was strongly tempted to believe, that, as its shape was singular, it might have been one of the clubs with which

the monks armed their peasants in lieu of more martial weapons, whence, he observed, the villains were called *Colve-carles*, or *Kolb-kerls*, that is, *Clavigeri*, or club-bearers. For the truth of this custom, he quoted the chronicle of Antwerp and that of St Martin, against which authorities Lovel had nothing to oppose, having never heard of them till that moment.

Mr Oldbuck next exhibited thumb-screws, which had given the Covenanters of former days the cramp in their joints, and a collar with the name of a fellow convicted of theft, whose services, as the inscription bore, had been adjudged to a neighbouring baron, in lieu of the modern Scottish punishment, which, as Oldbuck said, sends such culprits to enrich England by their labour, and themselves by their dexterity. Many and various were the other curiosities which he shewed; but it was chiefly upon his books that he prided himself, repeating, with a complacent air, as he led the way to the

crowded and dusty shelves, the verses of old Chaucer—

> "For he would rather have at his bed-head,
> A twenty books, clothed in black or red,
> Of Aristotle, or his philosophy,
> Than robes rich, rebeck, or saltery."

This pithy motto he delivered, shaking his head, and giving each guttural the true Anglo-Saxon enunciation, which is now forgotten in the southern parts of this realm.

The collection was, indeed, a curious one, and might well be envied by an amateur. Yet it was not collected at the enormous prices of modern times, which are sufficient to have appalled the most determined, as well as earliest bibliomaniac upon record, whom we take to have been none else than the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, as, among other slight indications of an infirm understanding, he is stated, by his veracious historian, Cid Hamet Benengeli, to have

exchanged fields and farms for folios and quartos of chivalry. In this species of exploit, the good knight-errant has been imitated by lords, knights, and squires of our own day, though we have not yet heard of any that has mistaken an inn for a castle, or laid his lance in rest against a windmill. Mr Oldbuck did not follow these collectors in such excess of expenditure; but, taking a pleasure in the personal labour of forming his library, saved his purse at the expence of his time and toil. He was no encourager of that ingenious race of peripatetic middlemen, who, trafficking between the obscure keeper of a stall and the eager amateur, make their profit at once of the ignorance of the former, and the dear-bought skill and taste of the latter. When such were mentioned in his hearing, he seldom failed to point out how necessary it was to arrest the object of your curiosity in its first transit, and to tell his favourite story of Snuffy Davy and Caxton's Game at

Chess.—" Davy Wilson," he said, " commonly called Snuffy Davy, from his inveterate addiction to black rappee, was the very prince of scouts for searching blind alleys, cellars, and stalls, for rare volumes. He had the scent of a slow-hound, sir, and the snap of a bull-dog. He would detect you an old black-letter ballad among the leaves of a law-paper, and find an *editio princeps* under the mask of a school Corderius. Snuffy Davy bought the 'Game of Chess, 1474,' the first book ever printed in England, from a stall in Holland, for about two groschen, or twopence of our money. He sold it to Osborne for twenty pounds, and as many books as came to twenty pounds more. Osborne resold this inimitable windfall to Dr Askew for sixty guineas. At Dr Askew's sale," continued the old gentleman, kindling as he spoke, " this inestimable treasure blazed forth in its full value, and was purchased by royalty itself, for one hundred and seventy pounds! Could a copy now occur, Lord only knows," he ejacula-

ted, with a deep sigh and lifted-up hands, "Lord only knows what would be its ransom; and yet it was originally secured, by skill and research, for the equivalent of twopence sterling. Happy, thrice happy, Snuffy Davy! and blessed were the times when thy industry could be so rewarded!

"Even I, sir," he went on, "though far inferior in industry, and discernment, and presence of mind, to that great man, can shew you a few, a very few things, which I have collected, not by force of money, as any wealthy man might,—although, as my friend Lucian says, he might chance to throw away his coin only to illustrate his ignorance,—but gained in a manner that shews I know something of the matter. See this bundle of ballads, not one of them later than 1700, and some of them an hundred years older. I wheedled an old woman out of these, who loved them better than her psalm-book. Tobacco, sir, snuff, and the Complete Syren, were

the equivalent! For that mutilated copy of the Complaynt of Scotland, I sat out the drinking of two dozen bottles of strong ale with the late learned proprietor, who, in gratitude, bequeathed it to me by his last will. These little Elzevirs are the memoranda and trophies of many a walk by night and morning through the Cowgate, the Canongate, the Bow, Saint Mary's Wynd,—wherever, in fine, there were to be found brokers and trokers, those miscellaneous dealers in things rare and curious. How often have I stood haggling upon a halfpenny, lest, by a too ready acquiescence in the dealer's first price, he should be led to suspect the value I set upon the article!—how have I trembled, lest some passing stranger should chop in between me and the prize, and regarded each poor student of divinity that stopped to turn over the books at the stall, as a rival amateur, or prowling bookseller in disguise!—And then, Mr Lovel, the sly satisfaction with which one pays the

consideration and pockets the article, affecting a cold indifference while the hand is trembling with pleasure !—Then to dazzle the eyes of our wealthier and emulous rivals by shewing them such a treasure as this—(displaying a little black smoked book about the size of a primmer)—to enjoy their surprise and envy, shrouding meanwhile under a veil of mysterious consciousness our own superior knowledge and dexterity—these, my young friend, these are the white moments of life, that repay the toil, and pains, and sedulous attention, which our profession, above all others, so peculiarly demands !"

Lovel was not a little amused at hearing the old gentleman run on in this manner, and, however incapable of entering into the full merits of what he beheld, he admired, as much as could have been expected, the various treasures which Oldbuck exhibited. Here were editions esteemed as being the first, and there stood those scarcely less regarded as being the

last and best; here was a book valued because it had the author's final improvements, and there another which (strange to tell!) was in request because it wanted them. One was precious because it was a folio, another because it was a duodecimo; some because they were tall, some because they were short; the merit of this lay in the title-page, of that in the arrangement of the letters in the word Finis. There was, it seemed, no peculiar distinction, however trifling or minute, which might not give value to a volume, providing the indispensable quality of scarcity, or rare occurrence, was attached to it.

Not the least fascinating was the original broadside—the Dying Speech, Bloody Murder, or Wonderful Wonder of Wonders, in its original tattered guise, as it was hawked through the streets, and sold for the cheap and easy price of one penny, though now worth the weight of that penny in gold. On these the Anti-

quary dilated with transport, and read, with a rapturous voice, the elaborate titles, which bore the same proportion to the contents that the painted signs without a showman's booth do to the animals within. Mr Oldbuck, for example, piqued himself especially in possessing an *unique* broadside, entitled and called 'Strange and wonderful News from Chipping-Norton, in the County of Oxon, of certain dreadful Apparitions which were seen in the Air on the 28th of July, 1610, at Half an Hour after Nine o'Clock at Noon, and continued till Eleven, in which Time was seen Appearances of several flaming Swords, strange Motions of the superior Orbs, with the unusual Sparkling of the Stars, with their dreadful Continuations: With the Account of the Opening of the Heavens, and strange Appearances therein disclosing themselves, with several other prodigious Circumstances not heard of in any Age, to the great Amazement of the Be-

holders, as it was communicated in a Letter to one Mr Colley, living in West Smithfield, and attested by Thomas Brown, Elizabeth Greenaway, and Anne Gutheridge, who were Spectators of the dreadful Apparitions—And if any one would be further satisfied of the Truth of this Relation, let them repair to Mr Nightingale's, at the Bear Inn, in West Smithfield, and they may be satisfied.'

"You laugh at this," said the proprietor of the collection, "and I forgive you. I do acknowledge that the charms on which we doat are not so obvious to the eyes of youth as those of a fair lady; but you will grow wiser, and see more justly, when you come to wear spectacles. Yet stay, I have one piece of antiquity which you, mayhap, will prize more highly."

So saying, Mr Oldbuck unlocked a drawer, and took out a bundle of keys, then pulled aside a piece of the tapestry which concealed the door of a small clo-

set, into which he descended by four stone steps, and, after some tinkling among bottles and cans, produced two long-stalked wine-glasses with bell mouths, such as are seen in Teniers' pieces, and a small bottle of what he called rich racy canary, with a little bit of diet-cake, on a small silver server of exquisite old workmanship. "I will say nothing of the server," he remarked, "though it is said to have been wrought by the old mad Florentine, Benevento Cellini. But, Mr Lovel, our ancestors drunk sack—you, who admire the drama, know where that's to be found.—Here's success to your exertions at Fairport, sir!"

"And to you, sir, and an ample increase to your treasure, with no more trouble on your part than is just necessary to make the acquisitions valuable."

After a libation so suitable to the amusement in which they had been engaged, Lovel rose to take his leave, and Mr Old-

buck prepared to give him his company a part of the way, and show him something worthy of his curiosity on his return to Fairport.

CHAPTER IV.

The pawky auld carle cam ower the lea,
Wi' mony good-e'ens and good-morrows to me,
Saying, Kind sir, for your courtesy,
Will ye lodge a silly poor man?

The Gaberlunzie Man.

Our two friends moved through a little orchard, where the aged apple-trees, well loaded with fruit, showed, as is usual in the neighbourhood of monastic buildings, that the days of the monks had not always been spent in indolence, but often dedicated to horticulture and gardening. Mr Oldbuck failed not to make Lovel remark, that the planters of those days were possessed of the modern secret of preventing the roots of the fruit-trees from penetrating the till, and compelling them to spread

in a lateral direction, by placing paving-stones beneath the trees when first planted, so as to interpose between their fibres and the sub-soil. "This old fellow," he said, "which was blown down last summer, and still, though half-reclined on the ground, is covered with fruit, has been, as you may see, accommodated with such a barrier, between his roots and the unkindly till. That other tree has a story: the fruit is called the Abbot's Apple; the lady of a neighbouring baron was so fond of it, that she would often pay a visit to Monkbarns, to have the pleasure of gathering it from the tree. The husband, a jealous man belike, suspected that a taste so nearly resembling that of Mother Eve prognosticated a similar fall. As the honour of a noble family is concerned, I will say no more on the subject, only that the lands of Lochard and Cringlecut still pay a fine of six bolls of barley annually, to atone the guilt of their audacious owner, who intruded himself and his worldly suspicions upon the

seclusion of the Abbot and his penitent. Admire the little belfry rising above the ivy-mantled porch—there was here a *hospitium, hospitale,* or *hospitamentum,* (for it is written all these various ways in the old writings and evidents,) in which the monks received pilgrims—I know our minister has said, in the Statistical Account, that the *hospitium* was situated either on the lands of Haltweary, or upon those of Half-starvet; but he is incorrect, Mr Lovel—that is the gate called still the Palmer's Port, and my gardener found many hewn stones, when he was trenching the ground for winter cellery, several of which I have sent as specimens to my learned friends, and to the various antiquarian societies, of which I am an unworthy member. But I will say no more at present; I reserve something for another visit, and we have an object of real curiosity before us."

While he was thus speaking, he led the way briskly through one or two rich pasture meadows to an open heath or com-

mon, and so to the top of a gentle eminence. "Here," he said, "Mr Lovel, is a truly remarkable spot."

"It commands a fine view," said his companion, looking around him.

"True: but it is not for the prospect I brought you hither; do you see nothing else remarkable?—nothing on the surface of the ground?"

"Why, yes; I do see something like a ditch indistinctly marked."

"Indistinctly!—pardon me, sir, but the indistinctness must be in your powers of vision—nothing can be more plainly traced—a proper *agger* or *vallum*, with its corresponding ditch or *fossa*. Indistinctly! why, heaven help you, the lassie, my niece, as light-headed a goose as womankind affords, saw the traces of the ditch at once. Indistinct! why, the great station at Ardoch, or that at Burnswark in Annandale, may be clearer doubtless, because they are stative forts, whereas this was only an occasional encampment. Indistinct! why, you must suppose that fools,

boors, and idiots have ploughed up the land, and, like beasts and ignorant savages, have thereby obliterated two sides of the square, and greatly injured the third; but ye see, yourself, the fourth side is quite entire!"

Lovel endeavoured to apologize, and to explain away his ill-timed phrase, and pleaded his inexperience. But he was not at once quite successful. His first expression had come too frankly and naturally not to alarm the Antiquary, and he could not easily get over the shock it had given him.

"My dear sir," continued the senior, "your eyes are not inexperienced; you know a ditch from level ground, I presume, when you see them? Indistinct! why, the very common people, the very least boy that can herd a cow, calls it the Kaim of Kinprunes, and if that does not imply an ancient camp, I am ignorant what does."

Lovel having again acquiesced, and at length lulled to sleep the irritated and sus-

picious vanity of the Antiquary, he proceeded in his task of cicerone. "You must know," he said, "our Scottish antiquaries have been greatly divided about the local situation of the final conflict between Agricola and the Caledonians—some contend for Ardoch in Strathallan, some for Innerpeffrey, some for the Raedykes in the Mearns, and some are for carrying the scene of action as far north as Blair in Athole. Now, after all this discussion," continued the old gentleman, with one of his slyest and most complacent looks, "what would you think, Mr Lovel,—I say, what would you think,—if the memorable scene of conflict should happen to be on this very spot called the Kaim of Kinprunes, the property of the obscure and humble individual who now speaks to you?"—Then, having paused a little, to suffer his guest to digest a communication so important, he resumed his disquisition in a higher tone. "Yes, my good friend, I am indeed greatly deceived if this place does not correspond with all the marks of that

celebrated place of action. It was near to the Grampian mountains—lo! yonder they are, mixing and contending with the sky on the skirts of the horizon!—it was *in conspectu classis*,—in sight of the Roman fleet; and would any admiral, Roman or British, wish a fairer bay to ride in than that on your right hand? It is astonishing how blind we professed antiquaries sometimes are; Sir Robert Sibbald, Saunders Gordon, General Roy, Dr Stukely, why, it escaped all of them.—I was unwilling to say a word about it till I had secured the ground, for it belonged to auld Johnnie Howie, a bonnet-laird here hard by, and many a communing we had before he and I could agree. At length—I am almost ashamed to say it—but I even brought my mind to give acre for acre of my good corn-land for this barren spot. But then it was a national concern; and when the scene of so celebrated an event became my own I was overpaid.—Whose patriotism would not grow warmer, as old

Johnson says, on the plains of Marathon? I began to trench the ground, to see what might be discovered; and the third day, sir, we found a stone, which I have transported to Monkbarns, in order to have the sculpture taken off with plaister of Paris; it bears a sacrificing vessel, and the letters A. D. L. L. which may stand, without much violence, for *Agricola Dicavit Libens Lubens.*"

"Certainly, sir; for the Dutch antiquaries claim Caligula as the founder of a light-house, on the sole authority of the letters C. C. P. F., which they interpret *Caius Caligula Pharum Fecit.*"

"True, and it has ever been recorded as a sound exposition. I see we shall make something of you, even before you wear spectacles, notwithstanding you thought the traces of this beautiful camp indistinct when you first observed them."

"In time, sir, and by good instruction"—

"—You will become more apt.—I doubt

it not. You shall peruse, upon your next visit to Monkbarns, my trivial Essay upon Castrametation, with some particular Remarks upon the Vestiges of Ancient Fortifications lately discovered by the Author at the Kaim of Kinprunes. I think I have pointed out the infallible touchstone of supposed antiquity. I premise a few general rules on that point, on the nature, namely, of the evidence to be received in such cases. Meanwhile be pleased to observe, for example, that I could press into my service Claudian's famous line,

> "Ille Caledoniis posuit qui castra pruinis."

For *pruinis*, though interpreted to mean *hoar frosts*, to which I own we are somewhat subject in this north-eastern seacoast, may also signify a locality, namely, *Prunes*; the *Castra Pruinis positum* would therefore be the Kaim of Kinprunes. But I waive this, for I am sensible it might be laid hold of by cavillers as carrying down my Castra to the time of Theodosius, sent

by Valentinian into Britain as late as the year 367, or thereby. No, my good friend, I appeal to people's eye-sight—is not here the Decuman gate? and there, but for the ravage of the horrid plough, as a learned friend calls it, would be the Prætorian gate.—On the left hand you may see some slight vestiges of the *porta sinistra*, and, on the right, one side of the *porta dextra* well nigh entire—Here, then, let us take our stand, on this tumulus, exhibiting the foundation of ruined buildings,—the central point—the *Prætorium*, doubtless, of the camp. From this place, now scarce to be distinguished, but by its slight elevation and its greener turf, from the rest of the fortification, we may suppose Agricola to have looked forth on the immense army of Caledonians, occupying the declivities of yon opposite hill, the infantry rising rank over rank as the form of ground displayed their array to its utmost advantage; the cavalry and *covinarii*, by which I understand the charioteers

—another guise of folks from your Bond-street four-in-hand men, I trow—scouring the more level space below—

———See, then, Lovel—See——
See that huge battle moving from the mountains,
Their gilt coats shine like dragon scales;—their march
Like a rough tumbling storm—See them, and view them,
And then see Rome no more!——

Yes, my dear friend, from this stance it is probable,—nay, it is nearly certain, that Julius Agricola beheld what our Beaumont has so admirably described!—From this very Prætorium"——

A voice from behind interrupted his extatic description—" Prætorian here, Prætorian there, I mind the bigging o't."

Both at once turned round, Lovel with surprise, and Oldbuck with mingled surprise and indignation, at so uncivil an interruption. An auditor had stolen upon them, unseen and unheard, amid the energy of the Antiquary's enthusiastic declamation, and the attentive civility of Lovel.

He had the exterior appearance of a mendicant.—A slouched hat of huge dimensions; a long white beard, which mingled with his grizzled hair; an aged, but strongly marked and expressive countenance, hardened, by climate and exposure, to a right brick-dust complexion; a long blue gown, with a pewter badge on the right arm; two or three wallets, or bags, slung across his shoulder, for holding the different kinds of meal, when he received his charity in kind from those who were but a degree richer than himself,—all these marked at once a beggar by profession, and one of that privileged class which are called in Scotland the King's Bedes-men, or, vulgarly, Blue-gowns.

"What is that you say, Edie?" said Oldbuck, hoping, perhaps, that his ears had betrayed their duty; "What were you speaking about?"

"About this bit bourock, your honour," answered the undaunted Edie; "I mind the bigging o't."

"The devil you do! Why, you old fool, it was here before you were born, and will be after you are hanged, man!"

"Hanged or drowned, here or awa, dead or alive, I mind the bigging o't."

"You—you—" said the Antiquary, stammering between confusion and anger, "you strolling vagabond, what the devil do you know about it?"

"Why I ken this anent it, Monkbarns, and what profit have I for telling ye a lie—I just ken this about it, that about twenty years syne, I, and a whin hallen-shakers like mysell, and the mason-lads that built the lang dyke that gaes down the loaning, and twa or three herds maybe, just set to wark, and built this bit thing here that ye ca' the—the—Prætorian, and a' just for a bield at auld Aiken Drum's bridal, and a bit blithe gae-down wi' had in't, some sair rainy weather. Mair by token, Monkbarns; if ye howk up the bourock, as ye seem to have begun, ye'll find, if ye have not found it already, a stane that ane o' the mason-

callants cut a ladle on to have a bourd at the bridegroom, and he put four letters on't, that's A. D. L. L.—Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle—for Aiken was ane o' the kale-suppers o' Fife."

"This," thought Lovel to himself, "is a famous counterpart to the story of *Keip on this syde*." He then ventured to steal a glance at our Antiquary, but quickly withdrew it in sheer compassion. For, gentle Reader, if thou hast ever beheld the visage of a damsel of sixteen, whose romance of true love has been blown up by an untimely discovery, or of a child of ten years, whose castle of cards has been blown down by a malicious companion, I can safely aver to you, that Jonathan Oldbuck of Monkbarns looked neither more wise nor less disconcerted.

"There is some mistake about this," he said, abruptly turning away from the mendicant.

"De'il a bit on my side o' the wa'," answered the sturdy beggar, "I never deal

in mistakes, they aye bring mischances.—Now, Monkbarns, that young gentleman, that's wi' your honour, thinks little of a carle like me, and yet, I'll wager, I'll tell him whar he was yestreen at the gloamin, only he maybe wadna like to hae't spoken o' in company."

Lovel's soul rushed to his cheeks with the vivid blush of two-and-twenty.

"Never mind the old rogue," said Mr Oldbuck, "don't suppose I think the worse of you for your profession; they are only prejudiced fools and coxcombs that do so. You remember what old Tully says in his oration, *pro Archia poeta*, concerning one of your confraternity—*Quis nostrum tam animo agresti ac duro fuit—ut—ut*—I forget the Latin—the meaning is, which of us was so rude and barbarous as to remain unmoved at the death of the great Roscius, whose advanced age was so far from preparing us for his death, that we rather hoped one so graceful, so excellent

in his art, ought to be exempted from the common lot of mortality. So the Prince of Orators spoke of the stage and its professors."

The words of the old man fell upon Lovel's ears, but without conveying any precise idea to his mind, which was then occupied in thinking by what means the old beggar, who still continued to regard him with a countenance provokingly sly and intelligent, had contrived to thrust himself into any knowledge of his affairs. He put his hand in his pocket as the readiest mode of intimating his desire of secrecy, and securing the concurrence of the person whom he addressed; and while he bestowed him an alms, the amount of which rather bore proportion to his fears than to his charity, looked at him with a marked expression, which the mendicant, a physiognomist by profession, seemed perfectly to understand.—" Never mind me, sir—I am no tale-pyet; but there are mair

een in the world than mine," answered he, as he pocketed Lovel's bounty, but in a tone to be heard by him alone, and with an expression which amply filled up what was left unspoken. Then turning to Oldbuck—"I am awa' to the manse, your honour. Has your honour ony word there, or to Sir Arthur, for I'll come in by Knockwinnock Castle again e'en?"

Oldbuck started as from a dream; and, in a hurried tone, where vexation strove with a wish to conceal it, paying, at the same time, a tribute to Edie's smooth, greasy, unlined hat, he said, "Go down, go down to Monkbarns—let them give you some dinner—or stay; if you do go to the manse, or to Knockwinnock, ye need say nothing about that foolish story of yours."

"Who, I?—Lord bless your honour, naebody sall ken a word about it frae me, mair than if the bit bourock had been there since Noah's flood. But, Lord, they tell me your honour has gien Johnnie

Howie acre for acre of the laigh crofts for this heathery knowe! Now, if he has really imposed the bourock on ye for an ancient wark, it's my real opinion the bargain will never haud gude, if you would just bring down your heart to try it at the law, and say that he beguiled ye."

"Provoking scoundrel," muttered the indignant Antiquary between his teeth, "I'll have the hangman's lash and his back acquainted for this,"—and then in a louder tone,—"Never mind, Edie—it is all a mistake."

"Troth, I am thinking sae," continued his tormentor, who seemed to have pleasure in rubbing the galled wound, "troth, I aye thought sae; and it's no sae lang since I said to Luckie Gemmels, 'Never think you, Luckie,' said I, 'that his honour, Monkbarns, would hae done sic a daft-like thing, as to gie grund weel worth fifty shillings an acre, for a mailing that would be dear o' a pund Scots. Na, na,' quo' I, 'depend upon't the laird's been

imposed upon wi' that wily do-little devil, Johnnie Howie.' 'But Lord had a care o' us, sirs, how can that be,' quo she again, 'when the laird's sae book-learned, there's no the like o' him in the country side, and Johnnie Howie has hardly sense aneugh to ca' the cows out o' his kale-yard?' 'Aweel, aweel,' quo' I, 'but ye'll hear he's circumvented him with some of his auld warld stories,'—for ye ken, laird, yon other time about the bodle, that ye thought was an auld coin"——

"Go to the devil,"—said Oldbuck; and then in a more mild tone, as one that was conscious his reputation lay at the mercy of his antagonist, he added—"Away with you down to Monkbarns, and when I come back, I'll send ye a bottle of ale to the kitchen."

"Heaven reward your honour!" This was uttered with the true mendicant whine, as, setting his pike-staff before him, he began to move in the direction of Monkbarns—"But did your honour,"

turning round, "ever get back the siller ye gave to the travelling packman for the bodle?"

"Curse thee! go about thy business!"

"Aweel, aweel, sir, God bless your honour!—I hope ye'll ding Johnnie Howie yet, and that I'll live to see it." And so saying, the old beggar moved off, relieving Mr Oldbuck of recollections which were any thing rather than agreeable.

"Who is this familiar old gentleman?" said Lovel, when the mendicant was out of hearing.

"O, one of the plagues of the country—I have been always against poor's-rates and a work-house—I think I'll vote for them now, to have that scoundrel shut up. O, your old-remembered guest of a beggar becomes as well acquainted with you as he is with his dish—as intimate as one of the beasts familiar to man which signify love, and with which his own trade is especially conversant. Who is he!—why, he has gone the vole—has been sol-

dier, ballad-singer, travelling tinker, and is now a beggar. He is spoiled by our foolish gentry, who laugh at his jokes, and rehearse Edie Ochiltree's good things as regularly as Joe Miller's."

"He uses freedom apparently, which is the soul of wit."

"O aye, freedom enough; he generally invents some damned improbable lie or another to provoke you, like that nonsense he talked just now—not that I'll publish my tract till I have examined the thing to the bottom."

"In England," said Lovel, "such a mendicant would get a speedy check."

"Yes, your churchwardens and dog-whips would make slender allowance for his vein of humour. But here, curse him, he is a sort of privileged nuisance—one of the last specimens of the old-fashioned Scottish mendicant, who kept his rounds within a particular district, and was the news-carrier, the minstrel, and sometimes the historian of the parish.

That rascal, now, knows more old ballads and traditions than any other man in this and the four next parishes. And after all," continued he, softening as he went on describing Edie's good gifts, "the dog has some good-humour. He has borne his hard fate with unbroken spirits, and it's cruel to deny him the comfort of a laugh at his betters. The pleasure of having quizzed me, as you gay folk would call it, will be meat and drink to him for a day or two. But I must go back and look after him, or he will spread his d—d nonsensical story over half the country."

So saying, our heroes parted, Mr Oldbuck to return to his *hospitium* at Monkbarns, and Lovel to pursue his way to Fairport, where he arrived without further adventure.

CHAPTER V.

Launcelot Gobbo. Mark me now : Now will I raise the waters.

Merchant of Venice.

The theatre at Fairport had opened, but no Mr Lovel appeared upon the boards, nor was there any thing in the habits or deportment of the young gentleman so named, which authorized Mr Oldbuck's conjecture that his fellow-traveller was a candidate for the public favour. Regular were the Antiquary's enquiries at an old-fashioned barber, who dressed the only three wigs in the parish, which, in defiance of taxes and times, were still subjected to the operation of powdering and frizzling, and who for that purpose divided

his time among the three employers whom fashion had yet left him—regular, I say, were Mr Oldbuck's enquiries at this personage concerning the news of the little theatre at Fairport, expecting every day to hear of Mr Lovel's appearance, on which occasion the old gentleman had determined to put himself to charges in honour of his young friend, and not only to go to the play himself, but to carry his womankind along with him. But old Jacob Caxon conveyed no information which warranted his taking so decisive a step as that of securing a box.

He brought information, on the contrary, that there was a young man residing at Fairport, of whom the *town* (by which he meant all the gossips, who, having no business of their own, fill up their leisure moments by attending to that of other people) could make nothing. He sought no society, but rather avoided that, which the apparent gentleness of his manners, and some degree of curiosity, induced

many to offer him. Nothing could be more regular, or less resembling an adventurer, than his mode of living, which was simple, but so completely well arranged, that all who had any transactions with him were loud in their approbation.

"These are not the virtues of a stage-struck hero," thought Oldbuck to himself; and, however habitually pertinacious in his opinions, he must have been compelled to abandon that which he had formed in the present instance, but for a part of Caxon's communication. "The young gentleman," he said, "was sometimes heard speaking to himsel, and rampaging about in his room, just as if he was ane o' the player folk."

Nothing, however, excepting this single circumstance, occurred to confirm Mr Oldbuck's supposition, and it remained a high and doubtful question, what a well-informed young man, without friends, connections, or employment of any kind, could have to do as a resident at Fairport. Nei-

ther port-wine nor whist had apparently any charms for him. He declined dining with the mess of the volunteer cohort, which had been lately embodied, and shunned sharing in the convivialities of either of the two parties which then divided Fairport, as they did more important places. He was too little of an aristocrat to join the club of Royal True Blues, and too little of a democrat to fraternize with an affiliated society of the *soi disant* Friends of the People, which the borough had also the happiness of possessing. A coffee-room was his detestation; and, I grieve to say it, he had as few sympathies with the tea-table. In short, since the name was fashionable in novel-writing, and that is a great while agone, there was never a Master Lovel of whom so little positive was known, and who was so universally described by negatives.

One negative, however, was important—nobody knew any harm of Lovel. Indeed, had such existed, it would have been

speedily made public, for the natural desire of speaking evil of our neighbour could in his case have been checked by no feelings of sympathy for a being so unsocial. Upon one account alone he fell somewhat under suspicion. As he made free use of his pencil in his solitary walks, and had drawn several views of the harbour, in which the signal-tower, and even the four-gun battery, were introduced, some jealous friends of the public sent abroad a whisper, that this mysterious stranger must certainly be a French spy. The Sheriff paid his respects to Mr Lovel accordingly, but in the interview which followed, it would seem that he had entirely removed that magistrate's suspicions, since he not only suffered him to remain undisturbed in his retirement, but, it was credibly reported, sent him two invitations to dinner-parties, both which were civilly declined. But what the nature of the explanation was, the magistrate kept a profound secret, not only from the public at

large, but from his substitute, his clerk, his wife, and his two daughters, who formed his privy council upon all questions of official duty.

All these particulars being faithfully reported by Mr Caxon to his patron at Monkbarns, tended much to raise Mr Lovel in the opinion of his former fellow-traveller. "A decent sensible lad," said he to himself, "who scorns to enter into the fooleries and nonsense of these idiot people at Fairport.—I must do something for him—I must give him a dinner—and I will write Sir Arthur to come to Monkbarns to meet him—I must consult my womankind."

Accordingly, such consultation having been previously held, a special messenger, being no other than Caxon himself, was ordered to prepare for a walk to Knockwinnock castle with a letter, "For the honoured Sir Arthur Wardour, of Knockwinnock, Bart." The contents ran thus:

"Dear Sir Arthur,

"On Tuesday the 17th curt. *stilo novo*, I hold a cænobitical symposion at Monkbarns, and pray you to assist thereat, at four o'clock precisely. If my fair enemy, Miss Isabel, can and will honour us by accompanying you, my womankind will be but too proud to have the aid of such an auxiliary in the cause of resistance to awful rule and right supremacy. If not, I will send the womankind to the manse for the day. I have a young acquaintance to make known to you, who is touched with some strain of a better spirit than belongs to these giddy-paced times—reveres his elders, and has a pretty notion of the classics—and, as such a youth must have a natural contempt for the people about Fairport, I wish to shew him some rational as well as worshipful society. I am, dear Sir Arthur, &c. &c. &c."

"Fly with this letter, Caxon," said the senior, holding out his missive, *signatum*

atque sigillatum, "fly to Knockwinnock, and bring me back an answer. Go as fast as if the town-council were met, and waiting for the provost, and the provost was waiting for his new-powdered wig."

"Ah! sir," answered the messenger, with a deep sigh, "thae days hae lang gane bye. De'il a wig has a provost of Fairport worn sin' auld Provost Jervie's time—and he had a quean of a servant-lass that dressed it hersell, wi' the doup o' a candle and a drudging-box. But I hae seen the day, Monkbarns, when the town-council of Fairport wad hae as soon wanted their town-clerk, or their gill o' brandy ower-head after the haddo's, as they wad hae wanted ilk ane a weel-favoured, sonsy, decent periwig on his pow. Hegh, sirs! nae wonder the commons will be discontent and rise against the law, when they see magistrates, and baillies, and deacons, and the provost himsell, wi' heads as bald and as bare as ane o' my blocks."

"And as well furnished within, Caxon;

but away with you—you have an excellent view of public affairs, and, I dare say, have touched the cause of our popular discontent as closely as the provost could have done himself. But away with you, Caxon."

And off went Caxon upon his walk of three miles—

"He hobbled—but his heart was good;
Could he go faster than he could?"—

While he is engaged in his journey and return, it may not be impertinent to inform the reader to whose mansion he was bearing his embassy.

We have said that Mr Oldbuck kept little company with the surrounding gentlemen, excepting with one person only. This was Sir Arthur Wardour, a baronet of ancient descent, and of a large but embarrassed fortune. His father, Sir Anthony, had been a Jacobite, and had displayed all the enthusiasm of that party, while it could

be served with words only. No man squeezed the orange with more significant gesture; no one could more dextrously intimate a dangerous health without coming under the penal statute; and, above all, none drunk success to the cause more deeply and devoutly. But, upon the approach of the Highland army in 1745, it would appear that the worthy baronet's zeal became a little more moderate just when its warmth was of most consequence. He talked much, indeed, of taking the field for the rights of Scotland and Charles Stuart, but his demi-pique saddle would suit only one of his horses, and that horse could by no means be brought to stand fire. Perhaps the worshipful owner sympathized in the scruples of this sagacious quadruped, and began to think, that what was so much dreaded by the horse could not be very wholesome for the rider. At any rate, while Sir Anthony Wardour talked, and drank, and hesitated, the sturdy provost of Fairport (who, as we before no-

ticed, was the father of our Antiquary) sallied from his ancient burgh, heading a body of whig-burghers, and seized at once, in the name of George II., upon the castle of Knockwinnock, and upon the four carriage-horses, and person of the proprietor. Sir Anthony was shortly after sent off to the Tower of London by a secretary of state's warrant, and with him went his son, Arthur, then a youth. But as nothing appeared like an overt act of treason, both father and son were soon set at liberty, and returned to their own mansion of Knockwinnock, to drink healths five fathoms deep, and talk of their sufferings in the royal cause. This became so much a matter of habit with Sir Arthur, that, even after his father's death, the non-juring chaplain used to pray regularly for the restoration of the rightful sovereign, for the downfal of the usurper, and for deliverance from their cruel and blood-thirsty enemies, although all idea of serious opposition to the house of Hanover had long mouldered

away; and this treasonable liturgy was kept up rather as a matter of form than as conveying any distinct meaning. So much was this the case, that, about the year 1770, upon a disputed election occuring in the county, the worthy knight fairly gulped down the oaths of abjuration and allegiance, in order to serve a candidate in whom he was interested;—thus renouncing the heir for whose restoration he weekly petitioned Heaven, and acknowledging the usurper, whose dethronement he had never ceased to pray for. And to add to this melancholy instance of human inconsistence, Sir Arthur continued to pray for the house of Stuart even after the family had been extinct, and when, in truth, though in his theoretical loyalty he was pleased to regard them as alive, yet, in all actual service and practical exertion, he was a most zealous and devoted subject of George III.

In other respects, Sir Arthur Wardour lived like most country gentlemen in Scot-

land—hunted and fished—gave and received dinners—attended races and county meetings—was a deputy-lieutenant and trustee upon turnpike acts. But, in his more advanced years, as he became too lazy or unwieldy for field-sports, he supplied them by now and then reading Scotch history; and, having gradually acquired a taste for antiquities, though neither very deep nor very correct, he became a crony of his neighbour, Mr Oldbuck of Monkbarns, and a joint-labourer with him in his antiquarian pursuits.

There were, however, points of difference between these two humourists, which sometimes occasioned discord. The faith of Sir Arthur, as an antiquary, was boundless, and Mr Oldbuck (notwithstanding the affair of the Prætorium at the Kaim of Kinprunes) was much more scrupulous in receiving legends as current and authentic coin. Sir Arthur would have deemed himself guilty of the crime of

leze-majesty had he doubted the existence of any single individual of that formidable bead-roll of one hundred and four kings of Scotland, received by Boethius, and rendered classical by Buchanan, in virtue of whom James VI. claimed to rule his ancient kingdom, and whose portraits still frown grimly upon the walls of the gallery of Holyrood. Now Oldbuck, a shrewd and suspicious man, and no respecter of divine hereditary right, was apt to cavil at this sacred list, and to affirm, that the procession of the posterity of Fergus through the pages of Scottish history, was as vain and unsubstantial as the gleamy pageant of the descendants of Banquo through the cavern of Hecate.

Another tender topic, was the good fame of Queen Mary, of which the knight was a most chivalrous assertor, while the esquire impugned it in spite both of her beauty and her misfortunes. When, unhappily, they fell upon yet later times,

motives of discord occurred in almost every page of history. Oldbuck was upon principle a staunch presbyterian, a ruling elder of the kirk, and a friend to revolution principles and protestant succession, while Sir Arthur was the very reverse of all this. They agreed, it is true, in dutiful love and allegiance to the sovereign who now holds the throne, but this was their only point of union. It therefore often happened, that bickerings hot broke out between them, in which Oldbuck was not always able to suppress his caustic humour, while it would sometimes occur to the baronet, that the descendant of a German printer, whose sires had "sought the base fellowship of paltry burghers," forgot himself, and took an unlicensed freedom of debate, considering the rank and ancient descent of his antagonist. This, with the old feud of the coach-horses, and the seizure of his manor-place and tower of strength by Mr Oldbuck's father, would rush upon his mind, and in-

flame at once his cheeks and his arguments. And, lastly, as Mr Oldbuck thought his worthy friend and compeer was, in some respects, litile better than a fool, he was apt to come more near communicating to him that unfavourable opinion, than the rules of modern politeness warrant. In such cases, they often parted in deep dudgeon, and with something like a resolution to forbear each other's company in future;

"But with the morning calm reflection came;"

and as each was sensible that the society of the other had become, through habit, essential to his comfort, the breach was speedily made up between them. On such occasions, Oldbuck, considering that the baron's pettishness resembled that of a child, usually shewed his superior sense by compassionately making the first advances to reconciliation. But it once or twice happened, that the aristocratic pride of the far-descended knight took a flight

too offensive to the feelings of the representative of the typographer. In these cases, the breach between these two originals might have been immortal, but for the kind exertions and interposition of the baronet's daughter, Miss Isabella Wardour, who, with a son, now absent upon foreign and military service, formed his whole surviving family. She was well aware how necessary Mr Oldbuck was to her father's amusement and comfort, and seldom failed to interpose with effect, when the office of a mediator between them was rendered necessary, by the satirical shrewdness of the one, or the assumed superiority of the other. Under Isabella's mild influence, the wrongs of Queen Mary were forgotten by her father, and Mr Oldbuck forgave the blasphemy which reviled the memory of King William. However, as she used in general to take her father's part playfully in these disputes, Oldbuck was wont to call Isabella his fair enemy, though in fact he made more account of

her than any other of her sex, of whom, as we have seen, he was no admirer.

There existed another connection betwixt these worthies, which had alternately a repelling and attractive influence upon their intimacy. Sir Arthur always wished to borrow; Mr Oldbuck was not always willing to lend. Mr Oldbuck, per contra, always wished to be repaid with regularity; Sir Arthur was not always, nor indeed often, prepared to gratify this reasonable desire; and, in accomplishing an arrangement between tendencies so opposite, little *miffs* would occasionally take place. Still there was a spirit of mutual accommodation upon the whole, and they dragged on like dogs in couples, with some difficulty and occasional snarling, but without absolutely coming to a stand-still or throttling each other.

Some little disagreement, such as we have mentioned, arising out of business, or politics, had divided the houses of Knockwinnock and Monkbarns, when the

emissary of the latter arrived to discharge his errand. In his ancient Gothic parlour, whose windows on one side looked out upon the restless ocean, and, on the other, upon the long straight avenue, was the baronet seated, now turning over the leaves of a folio, now casting a weary glance where the sun quivered upon the dark-green foliage and smooth trunks of the large and branching limes, with which the avenue was planted. At length, sight of joy! a moving object is seen, and it gives rise to the usual enquiries, Who is it? and what can be his errand? The old whitish grey coat, the hobbling gait, the hat, half-slouched, half-cocked, announced the forlorn maker of periwigs, and left for investigation only the second query. This was soon solved by a servant entering the parlour,—" A letter from Monkbarns, Sir Arthur."

Sir Arthur took the epistle with a due assumption of consequential dignity.

" Take the old man into the kitchen,

and let him get some refreshment," said the young lady, whose compassionate eye had remarked his thin grey hair and wearied gait.

"Mr Oldbuck, my love, invites us to dinner upon Tuesday the 17th," said the baronet, pausing; "he really seems to forget that he has not of late conducted himself so civilly towards me as might have been expected."

"Dear sir, you have so many advantages over poor Mr Oldbuck, that no wonder it should put him a little out of humour, but I know he has much respect for your person and your conversation; nothing would give him more pain than to be wanting in any real attention."

"True, true, Isabella; and one must allow for the original descent: something of the German boorishness still flows in the blood; something of the whiggish and perverse opposition to established rank and privilege. You may observe that he never

has any advantage of me in dispute, unless when he avails himself of a sort of pettifogging intimacy with dates, names, and trifling matters of fact, a tiresome and frivolous accuracy of memory which is entirely owing to his mechanical descent."

"He must find it convenient in historical investigation, I should think, sir?"

"It leads to an uncivil and positive mode of disputing; and nothing seems more unreasonable than to hear him impugn even Bellenden's rare translation of Hector Boece, which I have the satisfaction to possess, and which is a black-letter folio of great value, upon the authority of some old scrap of parchment which he has saved from its deserved destiny of being cut up into tailors' measures. And, besides, that habit of minute and troublesome accuracy leads to a mercantile manner of doing business, which ought to be beneath a landed proprietor, whose family has stood two or three generations—I question if

there's a dealer's clerk in Fairport that can sum an account of interest better than Monkbarns."

"But you'll accept his invitation, sir?"

"Why, ye—yes; we have no other engagement on hand, I think. Who can the young man be he talks of? he seldom picks up new acquaintance; and he has no relation that I ever heard of."

"Probably some relation of his brother-in-law, Captain M'Intyre."

"Very possible; yes, we will accept; the M'Intyres are of a very ancient Highland family. You may answer his card in the affirmative, Isabella; I believe I have no leisure to be *Dear Sir-ing* myself."

So this important matter being adjusted, Miss Wardour intimated "her own and Sir Arthur's compliments, and that they would have the honour of waiting upon Mr Oldbuck. Miss Wardour takes this opportunity to renew her hostility with Mr Oldbuck, on account of his late

long absence from Knockwinnock, where his visits give so much pleasure." With this *placebo* she concluded her note, with which old Caxon, now refreshed in limbs and wind, set out on his return to the Antiquary's mansion.

CHAPTER VI.

Moth. By Woden, God of Saxons,
From whence comes Wensday; that is Wodensday,
Truth is a thing that I will ever keep
Unto thylke day in which I creep into
My sepulcre——

Cartwright's Ordinary.

Our young friend, Lovel, who had received a corresponding invitation, punctual to the hour of appointment arrived at Monkbarns about five minutes before four o'clock on the 17th of July. The day had been remarkably sultry, and large drops of rain had occasionally fallen, though the threatened showers had as yet passed away.

Mr Oldbuck received him at the Palmer's-port in his complete brown suit, grey

silk stockings, and wig powdered with all the skill of the veteran Caxon, who, having smelt out the dinner, had taken care not to finish his job till the hour of eating approached.

"You are welcome to my symposion, Mr Lovel; and now let me introduce you to my Clogdogdo's, as Tom Otter calls them; my unlucky and good-for-nothing womankind—*malæ bestiæ*, Mr Lovel."

"I shall be disappointed, sir, if I do not find the ladies very undeserving of your satire."

"Tilley-valley, Mr Lovel,—which, by the way, one commentator derives from *titivillitium*, and another from *talley-ho*—but tilley-valley, I say, a truce with your politeness. You will find them but samples of womankind—But here they be, Mr Lovel. I present to you, in due order, my most discreet sister Griselda, who disdains the simplicity, as well as patience, annexed to the poor old name of Grizzel; and my most

exquisite niece Maria, whose mother was called Mary, and sometimes Molly."

The elder lady rustled in silks and satins, and bore upon her head a structure resembling the fashion in the ladies' memorandum-book for the year 1770—a superb piece of architecture—not much less than a modern Gothic castle, of which the curls might represent the turrets, the black pins the *chevaux de frize*, and the lappets the banners. The face, which, like that of the ancient statues of Vesta, was thus crowned with towers, was large and long, and peaked at nose and chin, and bore, in other respects, such a ludicrous resemblance to the physiognomy of Mr Jonathan Oldbuck, that Lovel, had they not appeared at once, like Sebastian and Viola in the last scene of the 'Twelfth Night,' might have supposed that the figure before him was his old friend masquerading in female attire. An antique flowered silk gown graced the extraordinary person to whom

belonged this unparalleled tête, which her brother was wont to say was fitter for a turband to Mahound or Termagant, than a head-gear for a reasonable creature, or Christian gentlewoman. Two long and bony arms were terminated at the elbows by triple blonde ruffles, and, being folded saltire-ways in front of her person, and decorated with long gloves of a bright vermilion colour, had no bad resemblance to a pair of gigantic lobsters. High-heeled shoes, and a short silk cloak, thrown in easy negligence over her shoulders, completed the exterior of Miss Griselda Oldbuck.

Her niece, the same whom Lovel had seen transiently during his first visit, was a pretty young woman, genteelly dressed according to the fashion of the day, with an air of *espieglerie* which became her very well, and which was perhaps derived from the caustic humour peculiar to her uncle's family, though softened by transmission.

Mr Lovel paid his respects to both ladies, and was answered by the elder with the prolonged curtesy of 1760, drawn from the righteous period,

> When folks conceived a grace
> Of half an hour's space,
> And rejoiced in a Friday's capon,

and by the younger with a modern reverence, which, like the festive benediction of a modern divine, was of much shorter duration.

While this salutation was exchanging, Sir Arthur, with his fair daughter hanging upon his arm, having dismissed his chariot, appeared at the garden door, and in all due form paid his respects to the ladies.

"Sir Arthur," said the Antiquary, "and you, my fair foe, let me make known to you my young friend Mr Lovel, a gentleman who, during the scarlet-fever which is epidemic at present in this our island, has the virtue and decency to appear in a

coat of a civil complexion. You see, however, that the fashionable colour has mustered in his cheeks which appears not in his garments. Sir Arthur, let me present to you a young gentleman, whom your farther knowledge shall find grave, wise, courtly, and scholar-like, well seen, deeply read, and thoroughly grounded in all the hidden mysteries of the green-room and stage, from the days of Davie Lindsay down to those of Dibdin—he blushes again, which is a sign of grace."

"My brother," said Miss Griselda, addressing Lovel, "has an humorous way of expressing himself, sir; nobody thinks any thing of what Monkbarns says—so I beg you will not be so confused for the matter of his nonsense; but you must have had a warm walk beneath this broiling sun—would you take any thing?—a glass of balm wine?"

Ere Lovel could answer, the Antiquary interposed. "Aroint thee, witch! wouldst thou poison my guests with thy infernal

decoctions? Dost thou not remember how it fared with the clergyman whom you seduced to partake of that deceitful beverage?"

"O fye, fye, brother—Sir Arthur, did you ever hear the like!—he must have every thing his own way, or he will invent such stories——But there goes Jenny to ring the old bell to tell us that the dinner is ready."

Rigid in his economy, Mr Oldbuck kept no male-servant. This he disguised, under the pretext that the masculine sex was too noble to be employed in those acts of personal servitude, which, in all early periods of society, were uniformly imposed on the female. "Why," would he say, "did the boy, Tam Rintherout, whom, at my wise sister's instigation, I, with equal wisdom, took upon trial—why did he pilfer apples, take birds' nests, break glasses, and ultimately steal my spectacles, except that he felt that noble emulation which swells in the bosom of the masculine sex,

which has conducted him to Flanders with a musket on his shoulder, and doubtless will promote him to a glorious halbard, or even to the gallows? And why does this girl, his full sister, Jenny Rintherout, move in the same vocation with safe and noiseless step—shod, or unshod—soft as the pace of a cat, and docile as a spaniel—Why? but because she is in her vocation. Let them minister to us, Sir Arthur,—let them minister, I say—it's the only thing they are fit for. All ancient legislators, from Lycurgus to Mahommed, corruptly called Mahomet, agree in putting them in their proper and subordinate rank, and it is only the crazy heads of our old chivalrous ancestors that erected their Dulcineas into despotic princesses."

Miss Wardour protested loudly against this ungallant doctrine; but the bell now rung for dinner.

"Let me do all the offices of fair courtesy to so fair an antagonist," said the old gentleman, offering his arm. "I remem-

ber, Miss Wardour, Mahommed (vulgarly Mahomet) had some hesitation about the mode of summoning his Moslemah to prayer. He rejected bells as used by Christians, trumpets as the summons of the Guebres, and finally adopted the human voice. I have had equally doubt concerning my dinner-call. Gongs, now in present use, seemed a new-fangled and heathenish invention, and the voice of the female womankind I rejected as equally shrill and dissonant; wherefore, contrary to the said Mahommed, or Mahomet, I have resumed the bell. It has a local propriety, since it was the conventual signal for spreading the repast in their refectory, and it has the advantage over the tongue of my sister's prime minister, Jenny, that, though not quite so loud and shrill, it ceases ringing the instant you drop the bell-rope; whereas we know, by sad experience, that any attempt to silence Jenny, only wakes the sympathetic chime

of Miss Oldbuck and Mary M'Intyre to join in chorus."

With this discourse he led the way to his dining-parlour, which Lovel had not yet seen; it was wainscotted, and contained some curious paintings. The dining-table was attended by Jenny; but an old superintendant, a sort of female butler, stood by the side-board, and underwent the burthen of bearing several reproofs from Mr Oldbuck, and inuendos, not so much marked, but not less cutting, from his sister.

The dinner was such as suited a professed antiquary, comprehending many savoury specimens of Scottish viands, now disused at the tables of those who affect elegance. There was the relishing Solan goose, whose smell is so powerful that he is never cooked within doors. Blood-raw he proved to be on this occasion, so that Oldbuck half-threatened to throw the greasy sea-fowl at the head of the negligent housekeeper who acted as priestess

in presenting this odoriferous offering. But, by goodhap, she had been most fortunate in the hotch-potch, which was unanimously pronounced to be inimitable. "I knew we should succeed here," said Oldbuck exultingly, "for Davie Dibble, the gardener, (an old bachelor like myself) takes care the rascally women did not dishonour our vegetables. And here is fish and sauce, and crappit-heads—I acknowledge our womankind excel in that dish—it procures them the pleasure of scolding, for half an hour at least, twice a-week, with auld Maggy Mucklebackit, our fish-wife. The chicken-pie, Mr Lovel, is done after a recipe bequeathed to me by my departed grandmother of happy memory—And if you will venture on a glass of wine, you will find it worthy of one who professes the maxim of King Alphonso of Castile—Old wood to burn—old books to read—old wine to drink—and old friends, Sir Arthur—Aye, Mr Lovel, and young friends too, to converse with."

When dinner was over, and the decanters placed on the table, Mr Oldbuck proposed the king's health in a bumper, which was readily acceded to both by Lovel and the baronet, the jacobitism of the latter being now a sort of speculative opinion merely,—the shadow of a shade.

" And what news do you bring us from Edinburgh, Monkbarns," said Sir Arthur; " how wags the world in Auld Reekie ?"

" Mad, Sir Arthur, mad—irretrievably frantic—far beyond dipping in the sea, shaving the crown, or drinking hellebore. The worst sort of frenzy, a military frenzy, hath possessed man, woman, and child."

" And high time, I think," said Miss Wardour, " when we are threatened with invasion from abroad, and insurrection at home."

" O, I did not doubt you would join the scarlet host against me—women, like turkeys, are always subdued by a red rag—

But what says Sir Arthur, whose dreams are of standing armies and German oppression?"

"Why, I say, Mr Oldbuck, that, so far as I am capable of judging, we ought to resist *cum toto corpore regni*,—as the phrase is, unless I have altogether forgotten my Latin—an enemy who comes to propose to us a whiggish sort of government, a republican system, and who is aided and abetted by a sort of fanatics of the worst sort in our own bowels. I have taken some measures, I assure you, such as become my rank in the community; for I have directed the constables to take up that old scoundrelly beggar, Edie Ochiltree, for spreading disaffection against church and state through the whole parish. He said plainly to old Caxon, that Willie Howie's Kilmarnock cowl covered more sense than all the three wigs in the parish—I think it is easy to make out that inuendo—But the rogue shall be taught better manners."

"O no, my dear sir," exclaimed Miss Wardour, "not old Edie, that we have known so long—I assure you no constable shall have my good graces that executes such a warrant."

"Aye, there it goes," said the Antiquary; "you, to be a staunch tory, Sir Arthur, have nourished a fine sprig of whiggery in your bosom—Why, Miss Wardour is alone sufficient to controul a whole quarter-session—a quarter-session? aye, a general assembly or convocation to boot—a Boadicea, she—an Amazon, a Zenobia."

"And yet, with all my courage, Mr Oldbuck, I am glad to hear our people are getting under arms."

"Under arms, Lord love thee! didst thou ever read the history of Sister Margaret, which flowed from a head, that, though now old and somedele grey, has more sense and political intelligence than you find now-a-days in a whole synod? Doest thou remember the Nurse's dream

in that exquisite work, which she recounts in such agony to Hubble Bubble—When she would have taken up a piece of broad cloth in her vision, lo! it exploded like a great iron cannon. When she put out her hand to save a pirn, it perked up in her face in the form of a pistol. My own vision in Edinburgh has been something similar—I called to consult my lawyer; he was clothed in a dragoon's dress, belted and casqued, and about to mount a charger, which his writing-clerk (habited as a sharp-shooter) walked to and fro before his door—I went to scold my agent for having sent me to advise with a madman; he had stuck into his head the plume, which in more sober days he wielded between his fingers, and figured as an artillery-officer. My mercer had his spontoon in his hand, as if he measured his cloth by that implement instead of a legitimate yard. The banker's clerk, who was directed to sum my cash-account, blundered it three times, being

disordered by the recollection of his military *tellings-off* at the morning drill. I was ill, and sent for a surgeon—

> He came—but valour so had fired his eye,
> And such a faulchion glitter'd on his thigh,
> That, by the gods, with such a load of steel,
> I thought he came to murder, not to heal.

I had recourse to a physician, but he also was practising a more wholesale mode of slaughter than that which his profession has been supposed at all times to open to him. And now, since I have returned here, even our wise neighbours of Fairport have caught the same valiant humour. I hate a gun like a hurt wild-duck—I detest a drum like a quaker;—and they thunder and rattle out yonder upon the town's common, that every volley and roll goes to my very heart."

"Dear brother, dinna speak that gate o' the gentlemen volunteers—I am sure they have a most becoming uniform—Weel I wot they have been wet to the

very skin twice last week—I met them marching in, terribly droukit, and mony a sair hoast was amang them—And the trouble they take claims our gratitude."

"And I am sure," said Miss M'Intyre, "that my uncle sent twenty guineas to help out their equipments."

"It was to buy liquorice and sugar-candy," said the cynic, "to encourage the trade of the place, and to refresh the throats of the officers who had bawled themselves hoarse in the service of their country."

"Take care, Monkbarns; we shall set you down among the black-nebs by and bye."

"No, Sir Arthur, a tame grumbler I—I only claim the privilege of croaking in my own corner here, without uniting my throat to the grand chorus of the marsh—*Ni quito Rey, ni pongo Rey*—I neither make king nor mar king, as Sancho says, but pray heartily for our own sovereign, pay scot and lot, and grumble at the ex-

ciseman—But here comes the ewe-milk cheese in good time; it is a better digestive than politics."

After the ladies had left the apartment, the landlord and Sir Arthur entered into several exquisite discussions, in which the younger guest, either on account of the abstruse erudition which they involved, or for some other reason, took but a slender share, till at length he was suddenly started out of a profound reverie by an unexpected appeal to his judgment.

"I will stand by what Mr Lovel says; he was born in the north of England, and may know the very spot."

Sir Arthur thought it unlikely that so young a gentleman should have paid much attention to matters of that sort.

"I am avised of the contrary," said Oldbuck—"How say you, Mr Lovel?—speak up for your own credit, man."

Lovel was obliged to confess himself in the ridiculous situation of one, alike igno-

rant of the subject of conversation and controversy which had engaged the company for an hour.

"Lord help the lad, his head has been wool-gathering!—I thought how it would be when the womankind were admitted—no getting a word of sense out of a young fellow for six hours after. Why, man, there was once a people called the Piks"——

"More properly *Picts*," interrupted the baronet.

"I say the *Pikar*, *Pihar*, *Piochtar*, *Piaghter*, or *Peughtar*," vociferated Oldbuck; "they spoke a Gothic dialect"——

"Genuine Celtic," again asseverated the knight.

"Gothic! Gothic, I'll go to death upon it!" counter-asseverated the squire.

"Why, gentlemen, I conceive that is a dispute which may be easily settled by philologists, if there are any remains of the language."

"There is but one word," said the baro-

net, " but, in spite of Mr Oldbuck's pertinacity, it is decisive of the question."

" Yes, in my favour," said Oldbuck; " Mr Lovel, you shall be judge—I have the learned Pinkerton on my side."

" I, on mine, the indefatigable and erudite Chalmers."

" Gordon comes into my opinion."

" Sir Robert Sibbald holds mine."

" Innes is with me!" vociferated Oldbuck.

" Ritson has no doubts!" shouted the baronet.

" Truly, gentlemen," said Lovel, " before you muster your forces and overwhelm me with authorities, I should like to know the word in dispute."

" *Penval*," said both the disputants at once.

" Which signifies *caput valli*," said Oldbuck.

" The head of the wall," echoed Sir Robert.

There was a deep pause.—" It is rather

a narrow foundation to build a hypothesis upon," observed the arbiter.

"Not a whit, not a whit," said Oldbuck; "men fight best in a narrow ring—an inch is as good as a mile for a home-thrust."

"It is decidedly Celtic," said the baronet; "every hill in the Highlands begins with *Ben.*"

"But what say you to *Val*, Sir Arthur—is it not decidedly the Saxon *wall?*"

"It is the Roman *vallum*," said Sir Arthur, "the Picts borrowed that part of the word."

"No such thing; if they borrowed any thing, it must have been your *Ben*, which they might have from the neighbouring Britons of Strath Cluyd."

"The Piks, or Picts," said Lovel, "must have been singularly poor in dialect, since in the only remaining word of their vocabulary, and that consisting only of two syllables, they have been confessedly obliged to borrow one of them from another lan-

guage; and methinks, gentlemen, with submission, the controversy is not unlike that which the two knights fought, concerning the shield that had one side white and the other black. Each of you claim one-half of the word, and seem to resign the other. But what strikes me most, is the poverty of the language which has left so slight vestiges behind it."

"You are in an error," said Sir Arthur, "it was a copious language, and they were a great and powerful people—built two steeples; one at Brechin, one at Abernethy. The Pictish maidens of the blood-royal were kept at Edinburgh Castle, thence called *Castrum Puellarum*."

"A childish legend," said Oldbuck, "invented to give consequence to trumpery womankind. It was called the Maiden Castle, *quasi lucus a non lucendo*, because it resisted every attack, and women never do."

"There is a list of the Pictish kings,

well authenticated, from Crentheminachcryme (the date of whose reign is somewhat uncertain) down to Drusterstone, whose death concluded their dynasty. Half of them have the Celtic patronymic *Mac* prefixed—*Mac, id est, filius*—what do you say to that, Mr Oldbuck? There is Drust Mackmorachin, Trynel Maclachlin, (first of that ancient clan, as it may be judged,) and Gormach Macdonald, Alpin Mackmetegus, Drust Macktallargam, (here he was interrupted by a fit of coughing,) ugh, ugh, ugh—Golarge Macchan—ugh, ugh —Macchanan—ugh—Macchananail—Kenneth—ugh, ugh—Macferedith, Eachan Macfungus—and twenty more, decidedly Celtic names, which I could repeat if this damned cough would let me."

"Take a glass of wine, Sir Arthur, and drink down that bead-roll of unbaptized jargon, that would choak the devil—why, that last fellow has the only intelligible name you have repeated—they are all of

the tribe of Macfungus—mushroom monarchs every one of them; sprung up from the fumes of conceit, folly, and falsehood, fermenting in the brains of some mad Highland seannachie."

"I am surprised to hear you," Mr Oldbuck; "you know, or ought to know, that the list of these potentates was copied, by Henry Maule of Melgum, from the Chronicles of Loch-Leven and Saint Andrews, and put forth by him in his short but satisfactory history of the Picts, printed by Robert Freebairn of Edinburgh, and sold by him at his shop in the Parliament-close, in the year of God, seventeen hundred and five, or six, I am not precisely certain which—but I have a copy at home that stands next my twelvemo copy of the Scots Acts, and ranges on the shelf with them very well—What say you to that, Mr Oldbuck?"

"I laugh at Harry Maule and his history," answered Oldbuck, "and thereby

comply with his request, of giving it entertainment according to its merits."

"Do not laugh at a better man than yourself," said Sir Arthur, somewhat scornfully.

"I do not conceive I do, Sir Arthur, in laughing either at him or his history."

"Henry Maule of Melgum was a gentleman, Mr Oldbuck."

"I presume he had no advantage of me in *that* particular," replied the Antiquary, somewhat tartly.

"Permit me, Mr Oldbuck—he was a gentleman of high family and ancient descent, and therefore"——

"The descendant of a Westphalian printer should speak of him with deference?—Such may be your opinion, Sir Arthur—it is not mine—I conceive that my descent from that painful and industrious typographer, Wolfbrand Oldenbuck, who, in the month of December, 1493, under the patronage, as the colophon tells us, of Sebaldus Scheyter and Sebastian Kammer-

maister, accomplished the printing of the great Chronicle of Nuremberg—I conceive, I say, that my descent from that great restorer of learning is more creditable to me as a man of letters, than if I had numbered in my genealogy all the brawling, bullet-headed, iron-fisted, old Gothic barons since the days of Crentheminach-cryme—not one of whom, I suppose, could write their own name."

"If you mean the observation as a sneer at my ancestry," said the knight, with an assumption of dignified superiority and composure, "I have the pleasure to inform you, that the name of my ancestor, Gamelyn de Guardover, Miles, is written fairly with his own hand in the earliest copy of the Ragman-roll."

"Which only serves to shew that he was one of the earliest who set the mean example of submitting to Edward I. What have you to say for the stainless loyalty of your family, Sir Arthur, after such a backsliding as that?"

"It's enough, sir," said Sir Arthur, starting up fiercely, and pushing back his chair, "I shall hereafter take care how I honour with my company, one who shews himself so ungrateful for my condescension."

"In that you will do as you find most agreeable, Sir Arthur; I hope, that, as I was not aware of the extent of the obligation which you have done me, by visiting my poor house, I may be excused for not having carried my gratitude to the extent of servility."

"Mighty well—mighty well, Mr Oldbuck—I wish you a good evening—Mr a—a—a—Shovel—I wish you a very good evening."

Out of the parlour door flounced the incensed Sir Arthur, as if the spirit of the whole Round Table inflamed his single bosom, and traversed with long strides the labyrinth of passages which conducted to the drawing-room.

"Did you ever hear such an old tup-

headed ass?" said Oldbuck, briefly apostrophizing Lovel; "but I must not let him go in this mad-like way neither."

So saying, he pushed off after the retreating baronet, whom he traced by the clang of several doors which he opened in search of the apartment for tea, and slammed with force behind him at every disappointment. "You'll do yourself a mischief," roared the Antiquary; *Qui ambulat in tenebris, nescit quo vadit*—"you'll tumble down the back-stair."

Sir Arthur had now got involved in darkness, of which the sedative effect is well known to nurses and governesses who have to deal with petted children. It retarded the pace of the irritated baronet, if it did not abate his resentment, and Mr Oldbuck, better acquainted with the *locale*, got up with him as he had got his grasp upon the handle of the drawing-room door. "Stay a minute, Sir Arthur," said Oldbuck, opposing his abrupt entrance; "don't be quite so hasty, my good old friend—I was a little too rude

with you about Sir Gamelyn—why, he is an old acquaintance of mine, man, and a favourite—he kept company with Bruce and Wallace—and, I'll be sworn on a black-letter Bible, only subscribed the Ragman-roll with the legitimate and justifiable intention of circumventing the false Southern—'twas right Scottish craft, my good knight—hundreds did it—come, come, forget and forgive—confess we have given the young fellow here a right to think us two testy old fools."

"Speak for yourself, Mr Jonathan Oldbuck," said Sir Arthur, with much majesty.

"A well, a well—a wilful man must have his way."

With that the door opened, and into the drawing-room marched the tall gaunt form of Sir Arthur, followed by Lovel and Mr Oldbuck, the countenances of all three a little discomposed.

"I have been waiting for you, sir," said Miss Wardour, "to propose we should

walk forward to meet the carriage, as the evening is so fine."

Sir Arthur readily assented to this proposal, which suited the angry mood in which he found himself; and having, agreeably to the established custom in cases of pet, refused the refreshment of tea and coffee, he tucked his daughter under his arm; and, after taking a ceremonious leave of the ladies, and a very dry one of Oldbuck—off he marched.

"I think Sir Arthur has got the black dog on his back again," said Miss Oldbuck.

"Black dog!—black devil!—he's more absurd than womankind—What say you, Lovel?—Why, the lad's gone too."

"He took his leave, uncle, while Miss Wardour was putting on her things; but I don't think you observed him."

"The devil's in the people. This is all one gets by fussing and bustling, and putting one's self out of one's way in order to give dinners, besides all the charges

they are put to.—O Seged, Emperor of Ethiopia !" said he, taking up a cup of tea in the one hand, and a volume of the Rambler in the other,—for it was his regular custom to read while he was eating or drinking in presence of his sister, and was a practice which served at once to evince his contempt for the society of womankind, and his resolution to lose no moment of instruction,—" O Seged, Emperor of Ethiopia! well hast thou spoken. No man should presume to say this shall be a day of happiness."

Oldbuck proceeded in his studies for the best part of an hour, uninterrupted by the ladies, who each, in profound silence, pursued some female employment. At length, a light and modest tap was heard at the parlour door. " Is that you, Caxon? —come in."

The old man opened the door, and, thrusting in his meagre face, thatched with thin grey locks, and one sleeve of his white coat, said in a subdued and

mysterious tone of voice, " I was wanting to speak to you, sir."

" Come in then, you old fool, and say what you have got to say."

" I'll maybe frighten the ladies."

" Frighten! What do you mean?—never mind the ladies. Have you seen another ghaist at the Humlock-know?"

" Na, sir; it's no a ghaist this turn—but I'm no easy in my mind."

" Did you ever hear of any body that was?" answered Oldbuck; " what reason has an old battered powder-puff like you to be easy in your mind more than all the rest of the world besides?"

" It's no for mysel, sir; but it threatens an awfu' night; and Sir Arthur, and Miss Wardour, poor thing"——

" Why, man, they must have met the carriage at the head of the loaning, or thereabouts; they must be home long ago."

" Na, sir; they didna gang the road by

the turnpike to meet the carriage, they gaed by the sands."

The word operated like electricity on Oldbuck. "The sands! impossible!"

"Ou, sir, that's what I said to the gardener, but he says he saw them turn down by the Mussel-craig—in troth, says I to him, an that be the case, Davie, I am misdoubting"——

"An almanack! an almanack!" said Oldbuck, starting up in great alarm—"not that bauble!" flinging away a little pocket almanack which his niece offered him—"Great God! my poor dear Miss Isabella!—fetch me instantly the Fairport Almanack."—It was brought, consulted, and added greatly to his agitation. "I'll go myself—call the gardener and ploughman—bid them bring ropes and ladders—bid them raise more help as they come along—keep the top of the cliffs, and halloo down to them—I'll go myself."

"What is the matter?" said Miss Oldbuck and Miss M'Intyre.

"The tide!—the tide!" answered the alarmed Antiquary.

"Had not Jenny better—but no, I'll run myself," said the younger lady, partaking in all her uncle's terrors—"i'll run myself to Saunders Mucklebackit, and make him get out his boat."

"Thank you, my dear, that's the wisest word that has been spoken yet—run! run!—To go by the sands!" seizing his hat and cane; "was there ever such madness heard of!"

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SA[...]

CHAPTER VII.

——— Pleased awhile to view
The watery waste, a prospect wild and new;
The now receding waters gave them space,
On either side, the growing shores to trace;
And then, returning, they contract the scene,
Till small and smaller grows the walk between.

The information of Davie Dibble, which had spread such general alarm at Monkbarns, proved to be strictly correct. Sir Arthur and his daughter had set out, according to their first proposal, to return to Knockwinnock by the turnpike-road; but, when they reached the head of the loaning, as it was called, or great lane, which on one side made a sort of avenue to the house of Monkbarns, they discerned, a little way before them, Lovel, who

seemed to linger on the way as if to give him an opportunity to join them. Miss Wardour immediately proposed to her father that they should take another direction; and, as the weather was fine, walk home upon the sands, which, stretching below a very high ridge of rocks, afforded at almost all times a pleasanter passage between Knockwinnock and Monkbarns than the high-road.

Sir Arthur acquiesced willingly. "It would be unpleasant," he said, "to be joined by that young fellow, whom Mr Oldbuck had taken the freedom to introduce them to." And his old-fashioned politeness had none of the ease of the present day, which permits you, if you have a mind, to *cut* the person you have associated with for a week, the instant you feel, or suppose yourself, in a situation which makes it disagreeable to own him. Sir Arthur only stipulated, that a little ragged boy, for the guerdon of one penny

sterling, should run to meet his coachman, and turn his equipage back to Knockwinnock.

When this was arranged, and the emissary dismissed, the knight and his daughter left the high-road, and, following a wandering path among sandy hillocks, partly grown over with furze and the long grass called bent, soon attained the side of the ocean. The tide was by no means so far out as they had computed, but this gave them no alarm: there were seldom ten days in the year when it approached so near the cliffs as not to leave a dry passage. But, nevertheless, at periods of spring-tide, or even when the ordinary flood was accelerated by high winds, this road was altogether covered by the sea; and tradition had recorded several fatal accidents which had happened upon such occasions. Still, such dangers were considered as remote and improbable; and rather served, with other legends, to amuse

the hamlet fire-side, than to prevent any one from going between Knockwinnock and Monkbarns by the sands.

As Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour paced along, enjoying the pleasant footing afforded by the cool moist hard sand, Miss Wardour could not help observing, that the last tide had risen considerably above the usual water-mark. Sir Arthur made the same observation, but without its occurring to either of them to be alarmed at the circumstance. The sun was now resting his huge disk upon the edge of the level ocean, and gilded the accumulation of towering clouds, through which he had travelled the livelong day, and which now assembled on all sides like misfortunes and disasters around a sinking empire and falling monarch. Still, however, his dying splendour gave a sombre magnificence to the massive congregation of vapours, forming out of their unsubstantial gloom the show of pyramids and towers, some touched with gold, some with purple, some with

a hue of deep and dark red. The distant sea, stretched beneath this varied and gorgeous canopy, lay almost portentously still, reflecting back the dazzling and level beams of the descending luminary, and the splendid colouring of the clouds amidst which he was setting. Nearer to the beach, the tide rippled onward in waves of sparkling silver, that imperceptibly, yet rapidly, gained upon the sand.

With a mind employed in admiration of the romantic scene, or perhaps upon some more agitating topic, Miss Wardour advanced in silence by her father's side, whose recently offended dignity did not stoop to open any conversation. Following the windings of the beach, they passed one projecting point or head-land of rock after another, and now found themselves under a huge and continued extent of the precipices by which that iron-bound coast is in most places defended. Long projecting reefs of rock, extending under water, and only evincing their existence by here

and there a peak entirely bare, or by the breakers which foamed over those that were partially covered, rendered Knockwinnock bay dreaded by pilots and ship-masters. The crags which rose between the beach and the mainland, to the height of two or three hundred feet, afforded in their crevices shelter for unnumbered sea-fowl, in situations seemingly secured by their dizzy height from the rapacity of man. Many of these wild tribes, with the instinct which sends them to seek the land before a storm arises, were now winging toward their nests with the shrill and dissonant clang which announces disquietude and fear. The disk of the sun became almost totally obscured ere he had altogether sunk below the horizon, and an early and lurid shade of darkness blotted the serene twilight of a summer evening. The wind began next to arise, but its wild and moaning sound was heard for some time, and its effects became visible on the bosom of the sea, before the gale was felt

at land. The mass of waters, now dark and threatening, began to lift itself in larger ridges, and sink in deeper furrows, forming waves that rose high in foam upon the breakers, or burst upon the beach with a sound resembling distant thunder.

Appalled by this sudden change of weather, Miss Wardour drew close to her father, and held his arm fast. "I wish," at length she said, but almost in a whisper, as if ashamed to express her increasing apprehensions, "I wish we had kept the road we intended, or waited at Monkbarns for the carriage."

Sir Arthur looked round, but did not see, or would not acknowledge, any signs of an immediate storm. They would reach, he said, Knockwinnock long before the tempest began. But the speed with which he walked, and with which Isabella could hardly keep pace, indicated a feeling that some exertion was necessary to accomplish his consolatory prediction.

They were now near the centre of a

deep but narrow bay, or recess, formed by two projecting capes of high and inaccessible rock, which shot out into the sea like the horns of a crescent; and neither durst communicate the apprehension which each began to entertain, that, from the unusually rapid advance of the tide, they might be deprived of the power of proceeding by doubling the promontory which lay before them, or of retreating by the road which brought them thither.

As they thus pressed forward, longing doubtless to exchange the easy curving line, which the sinuosities of the bay compelled them to adopt, for a straiter and more expeditious path, though less conformable to the line of beauty, Sir Arthur observed a human figure on the beach advancing to meet them. "Thank God," he exclaimed, "we shall get round Halket-head! that fellow must have passed it;" thus giving vent to the feeling of hope, though he had suppressed that of apprehension.

"Thank God indeed!" echoed his daughter half audibly, half internally, as expressing the gratitude which she really felt.

The figure which advanced to meet them made many signs, which the haze of the atmosphere, now disturbed by wind and by a drizzling rain, prevented them from seeing or comprehending distinctly. Some time before they met, Sir Arthur could recognize the old blue-gowned beggar, Edie Ochiltree. It is said that even the brute creation lay aside their animosities and antipathies when pressed by an instant and common danger. The beach under Halket-head, rapidly diminishing in extent by the encroachments of a spring-tide and a north-west wind, was in like manner a neutral field, where even a justice of peace and a strolling mendicant might meet upon terms of mutual forbearance.

"Turn back! turn back!" exclaimed the vagrant; "why did ye not turn when I waved to you?"

"We thought," replied Sir Arthur in great agitation, "we thought we could get round Halket-head."

"Halket-head! The tide will be running on Halket-head by this time like the Fall of Fyers! it was a' I could do to get round it twenty minutes since—it was coming in three feet a-breast. We will maybe get back by Bally-burgh Ness Point yet. The Lord help us, it's our only chance. We can but try."

"My God, my child!" "My father, my dear father!" exclaimed the parent and daughter, as, fear lending them strength and speed, they turned to retrace their steps, and endeavour to double the point, the projection of which formed the southern extremity of the bay.

"I heard ye were here, frae the bit callant ye sent to meet your carriage," said the beggar, as he trudged stoutly on a step or two behind Miss Wardour, "and I couldna bide to think o' the dainty young leddy's peril, that has aye been kind to ilka

forlorn heart that cam near her. Sae I lookit at the lift and the rin o' the tide, till I settled it that if I could get down time aneugh to gie you warning, we wad do weel yet. But I doubt, I doubt I have been beguiled! for what mortal e'e ever saw sic a race as the tide is rinnin' e'en now? See, yonder's the Ratton's Skerry—he aye held his neb abune the water in my day—but he's aneath it now."

Sir Arthur cast a look in the direction in which the old man pointed. A huge rock, which in general, even in spring-tides, displayed a hulk like the keel of a large vessel, was now quite under water, and its place only indicated by the boiling and breaking of the eddying waves which encountered its submarine resistance.

"Mak haste, mak haste, my bonny leddy," continued the old man, "mak haste, and we may do yet! Take haud o' my arm—an auld and frail arm it's now, but it's been in as sair stress as this is yet. Take haud o' my arm, my winsome leddy! D'ye

see yon wee black speck amang the wallowing waves yonder? This morning it was as high as the mast o' a brigg—it's sma' aneugh now—but, while I see as muckle black about it as the crown o' my hat, I winna believe but we'll get round the Bally-burgh Ness for a' that's come and gane yet."

Isabella, in silence, accepted from the old man the assistance which Sir Arthur was less able to afford her. The waves had now encroached so much upon the beach, that the firm and smooth footing which they had hitherto had upon the sand must be exchanged for a rougher path close to the foot of the precipice, and in some places even raised upon its lower ledges. It would have been utterly impossible for Sir Arthur Wardour or his daughter to have found their way along these shelves without the guidance and encouragement of the beggar, who had been there before in high tides, though

never, he acknowledged, "in so awsome a night as this."

It was indeed a dreadful evening. The howling of the storm mingled with the shrieks of the sea-fowl, and sounded like the dirge of the three devoted beings, who, pent between two of the most magnificent, yet most dreadful objects of nature—a raging tide and an insurmountable precipice—toiled along their painful and dangerous path, often lashed by the spray of some giant billow, which threw itself higher on the beach than those which had preceded it. Each minute did their enemy gain ground perceptibly upon them. Still, however, loth to relinquish the last hopes of life, they bent their eyes on the black rock pointed out by Ochiltree. It was yet distinctly visible among the breakers, and continued to be so, until they came to a turn in their precarious path where an intervening projection of rock hid it from their sight. De-

prived of the view of the beacon on which they had relied, here then they experienced the double agony of terror and suspense. They struggled forward however; but, when they arrived at the point from which they ought to have seen the crag, it was no longer visible. The signal of safety was lost among a thousand white breakers, which, dashing upon the point of the promontory, rose in prodigious sheets of snowy foam as high as the mast of a first-rate man-of-war, against the dark brow of the precipice.

The countenance of the old man fell. Isabella gave a faint shriek, and, "God have mercy upon us!" which her guide solemnly uttered, was piteously echoed by Sir Arthur—"My child! my child!—to die such a death!"—

"My father! my dear father!" his daughter exclaimed, clinging to him, "and you, too, who have lost your own life in endeavouring to save ours!"—

"That's not worth the counting," said

the old man. "I hae lived to be weary o' life; and here or yonder—at the back o' a dyke, in a wreath o' snaw, or in the wame o' a wave, what signifies how the auld gaberlunzie dies!"

"Good man," said Sir Arthur, "can you think of nothing?—of no help?—I'll make you rich—I'll give you a farm—I'll"——

"Our riches will be soon equal," said the beggar, looking out upon the strife of waters—"they are sae already; for I have no land, and you would give your fair bounds and barony for a square yard of rock that would be dry for twal hours."

While they exchanged these words, they paused upon the highest ledge of rock to which they could attain; for it seemed that any further attempt to move forward could only serve to anticipate their fate. Here then they were to await the sure though slow progress of the raging element, something in the situation of the martyrs of the early church, who, exposed

by heathen tyrants to be slain by wild beasts, were compelled for a time to witness the impatience and rage by which the animals were agitated, while awaiting the signal for undoing their grates and letting them loose upon the victims.

Yet even this fearful pause gave Isabella time to collect the powers of a mind naturally strong and courageous, and which rallied itself at this terrible juncture. "Must we yield life," she said, "without a struggle? Is there no path, however dreadful, by which we could climb the crag, or at least attain some height above the tide, where we could remain till morning, or till help comes? They must be aware of our situation, and will raise the country to relieve us."

Sir Arthur, who heard, but scarcely comprehended, his daughter's question, turned, nevertheless, instinctively and eagerly to the old man, as if their lives were in his gift. Ochiltree paused. "I was a bauld craigsman," he said, "ance in my

life, and mony a kittywake's and lungie's nest hae I harried up amang thae very black rocks; but it's lang, lang syne, and nae mortal could speel them without a rope—and if I had ane, my ee-sight, and my foot-step, and my hand-grip, hae a' failed mony a day sin-syne—and then how could I save *you*?—But there was a path here ance, though maybe if we could see it ye wad rather bide where we are—— His name be praised!" he ejaculated suddenly, "there's ane coming down the crag e'en now!"—Then, exalting his voice, he holla'd out to the daring adventurer such instructions as his former practice, and the remembrance of local circumstances, suddenly forced upon his mind:— "Ye're right—ye're right—that gate, that gate—fasten the rope weel round Crummie's-horn, that's the muckle black stane—cast twa plies round it—that's it—now, weize yoursel a wee easel-ward—a wee mair yet to that ither stane—we ca'd it the Cat's-lug—there used to be the root o' an aik-tree there—that will do!—canny now,

lad—canny now—tak tent and tak time—Lord bless ye, tak time.—Vera weel!—Now ye maun get to Bessy's Apron—that's the muckle braid flat blue stane—and then I think, wi' your help and the tow thegither, we'll be able to get up the young leddy and Sir Arthur."

The adventurer, following the directions of old Edie, flung him down the end of the rope, which he secured around Miss Wardour, wrapping her previously in his own blue gown, to preserve her as much as possible from injury. Then, availing himself of the rope, which was made fast at the other end, he began to ascend the face of the crag—a most precarious and dizzy undertaking, which, however, after one or two perilous escapes, placed him safe on the broad flat stone beside our friend Lovel. Their joint strength was able to raise Isabella to the place of safety which they had attained. Lovel then descended in order to assist Sir Arthur, around whom he adjusted the rope:

and again mounting to their place of refuge, with the assistance of old Ochiltree, and such aid as Sir Arthur himself could give, he raised him beyond the reach of the billows.

The sense of reprieve from approaching and apparently inevitable death, had its usual effect. The father and daughter threw themselves into each other's arms, kissed and wept for joy, although their escape was connected with the prospect of passing a tempestuous night upon a precipitous ledge of rock, which scarce afforded footing for the four shivering beings, who now, like the sea-fowl around them, clung there in hopes of some shelter from the devouring element which raged beneath. The spray of the billows, which attained in fearful succession the foot of the precipice, overflowing the beach on which they so lately stood, flew as high as their place of temporary refuge; and the stunning sound with which they dashed against the rocks beneath, seemed

as if they still demanded the fugitives in accents of thunder as their destined prey. It was a summer night doubtless; yet the probability was slender, that a frame so delicate as that of Miss Wardour should survive till morning the drenching of the spray; and the dashing of the rain, which now burst in full violence, accompanied with deep and heavy gusts of wind, added to the constrained and perilous circumstances of their situation.

"The lassie—the poor sweet lassie," said the old man, "many such a night have I weathered at home and abroad, but, God guide us, how can she ever win through it!"

His apprehension was communicated in smothered accents to Lovel; for, with the sort of free-masonry by which bold and ready spirits correspond in moments of danger, and become almost instinctively known to each other, they had established a mutual confidence.—"I'll climb up the cliff again," said Lovel, "there's day-light

enough left to see my footing; I'll climb up and call for more assistance."

"Do so, do so, for heaven's sake!" said Sir Arthur eagerly.

"Are ye mad?" said the mendicant; "Francie o' Fowlsheugh, and he was the best craigsman that ever speel'd heugh, (mair by token, he brake his neck upon the Dunbuy of Slaines,) wadna hae ventured upon the Halket-head craigs after sun-down—It's God's grace, and a great wonder besides, that ye are not in the middle o' that roaring sea wi' what ye hae done already—I didna think there was the man left alive would hae come down the craigs as ye did—I question an I could hae done it mysel, at this hour and in this weather, in the youngest and yaldest of my strength—But to venture up again—it's a mere and it's a clear tempting o' Providence."

"I have no fear," answered Lovel; "I marked all the stations perfectly as I came

down, and there is still light enough left to see them quite well—I am sure I can do it with perfect safety—Stay here, my good friend, by Sir Arthur and the young lady."

"De'il be in my feet then," answered the bedesman sturdily; "If ye gang, I'll gang too; for, between us twa, we'll hae mair than wark aneugh to get to the tap o' the heugh."

"No, no—stay you here and attend to Miss Wardour—you see Sir Arthur is quite exhausted."

"Stay yoursel then, an I'll gae," said the old man; "let death spare the green corn and take the ripe."

"Stay both of you, I charge you," said Isabella, faintly, "I am well, and can spend the night very well here—I feel quite refreshed;" so saying, her voice failed her—she sunk down, and would have fallen from the crag, had she not been supported by Lovel and Ochiltree, who placed her in a posture half sitting

half reclining, beside her father, who, exhausted by fatigue of body and mind so extreme and unusual, had already sat down on the stone in a sort of stupor.

"It is impossible to leave them," said Lovel—"What is to be done?—Hark! hark!—Did I not hear a halloo?"

"The skriegh of a Tammie Norie," answered Ochiltree, "I ken the skirl weel."

"No, by Heaven," replied Lovel, "it was a human voice!"

A distant hail was repeated, the sound plainly distinguishable among the various elemental noises, and the clang of the seamews by which they were surrounded. The mendicant and Lovel exerted their voices in a loud halloo, the former waving Miss Wardour's handkerchief on the end of his staff to make them conspicuous from above. Though the shouts were repeated, it was some time before they were in exact response to their own, leaving the unfortunate sufferers uncertain whether, in the darkening twilight and increasing

storm, they could render the persons who apparently were traversing the verge of the precipice to bring them assistance, sensible of the place in which they had found refuge. At length their halloo was regularly and distinctly answered, and their courage confirmed, by the assurance that they were within hearing, if not within reach, of friendly assistance.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAPTER VIII.

There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep;
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear.

The shout of human voices from above was soon augmented, and the gleam of torches mingled with those lights of evening which still remained amidst the darkness of the storm. Some attempt was made to hold communication between the assistants above, and the sufferers beneath, who were still clinging to their precarious place of safety; but the howling of the tempest limited their intercourse to cries, as inarticulate as those of the winged denizens of the crag, which shrieked in chorus, alarmed by the reiterated sound

of human voices, where they had seldom been heard.

On the verge of the precipice an anxious group had now assembled. Oldbuck was the foremost and most earnest, pressing forward with unwonted desperation to the very brink of the crag, and extending his head (his hat and wig secured by a handkerchief under his chin) over the dizzy height, with an air of determination which made his more timorous assistants tremble.

"Haud a care, haud a care, Monkbarns," cried Caxon, clinging to the skirts of his patron, and withholding him from danger as far as his strength permitted—"God's sake, haud a care!—Sir Arthur's drowned already, and an ye fa' ower the cleugh too, there will be but ae wig left in the parish, and that's the minister's."

"Mind the peak there," cried Mucklebackit, an old fisherman and smuggler—"mind the peak—Steenie, Steenie Wilks, bring up the tackle—I'se warrant we'll

sune heave them on board, Monkbarns, wad ye but stand out o' the gate."

"I see them," said Oldbuck, "I see them low down on that flat stone—Hilli-hilloa, hilli-ho-a!"

"I see them mysel weel aneugh," said Mucklebackit, "they are sitting down yonder like hoodie-craws in a mist; but d'ye think you'll help them wi' skirling that gate like an auld skart before a flaw o' weather?—Steenie, lad, bring up the mast—Odd, I'se hae them up as we used to bouse up the kegs o' gin and brandy lang syne—Get up the pick-axe, make a step for the mast—Make the chair fast with the rattlin—haul taught and belay."

The fishers had brought with them the mast of a boat, and as half of the country fellows about had now appeared, either out of zeal or curiosity, it was soon sunk in the ground, and sufficiently secured. A yard, across the upright mast, and a rope stretched along it, and reeved through a block at each end, formed an extempore

crane, which afforded the means of lowering an arm-chair, well secured and fastened, down to the flat shelf on which the sufferers had roosted. Their joy at hearing the preparations going on for their deliverance was considerably qualified, when they beheld the precarious vehicle, by means of which they were to be conveyed to upper air. It swung about a yard free of the spot which they occupied, obeying each impulse of the tempest, the empty air all around it, and depending upon the security of a rope, which, in the increasing darkness, had dwindled to an almost imperceptible thread. Besides the risk of committing a human being to the vacant atmosphere in such a slight means of conveyance, there was the fearful danger of the chair and its occupant being dashed, either by the wind or the vibrations of the cord, against the rugged face of the precipice. But to diminish the risk as much as possible, the experienced seamen had let down with the chair another line,

which, being attached to it, and held by the persons beneath, might serve, by way of *gy*, as Mucklebackit expressed it, to render its ascent in some measure steady and regular. Still, to commit one's self in such a vehicle, through a howling tempest of wind and rain, with a beetling precipice above, and a raging abyss below, required that courage which despair alone can inspire. Yet wild as the sounds and sights of danger were, both above, beneath, and around, and doubtful and dangerous as the mode of escaping appeared to be, Lovel and the old mendicant agreed, after a moment's consultation, and after the former, by a sudden strong pull, had, at his own imminent risk, ascertained the security of the rope, that it would be best to secure Miss Wardour in the chair, and trust to the tenderness and care of those above for her being safely craned up to the top of the crag.

"Let my father go first," exclaimed

Isabella; "for God's sake, my friends, place him first in safety."

"It cannot be, Miss Wardour," said Lovel; "your life must be first secured—the rope which bears your weight may"—

"I will not listen to a reason so selfish."

"But ye maun listen to it, my bonny lassie," said Ochiltree, "for a' our lives depend on it—besides, when ye get on the tap o' the heugh yonder, ye can gie them a round guess o' what's ganging on in this Patmos o' ours—and Sir Arthur's far bye that, as I am thinking."

Struck with the truth of this reasoning, she exclaimed, "True, most true; I am ready and willing to undertake the first risk—What shall I say to our friends above?"

"Just to look that their tackle does not graze on the face o' the craig, and to let the chair down, and draw it up hoolly and fairly—we will halloo when we are ready."

With the sedulous attention of a parent to a child, Lovel bound Miss Wardour with his handkerchief, neckcloth, and the mendicant's leathern belt, to the back and arms of the chair, ascertaining accurately the security of each knot, while Ochiltree kept Sir Arthur quiet. "What are ye doing wi' my bairn?—What are ye doing?—She shall not be separated from me—Isabel, stay with me, I command you."

"Lordsake, Sir Arthur, haud your tongue, and be thankful to God that there's wiser folk than you to manage this job," cried the beggar, worn out by the unreasonable exclamations of the poor baronet.

"Farewell, my father," murmured Isabel—"farewel my—my friends," and, shutting her eyes, as Edie's experience recommended, she gave the signal to Lovel, and he to those who were above. She rose, while the chair in which she sate was kept steady by the line which Lovel managed beneath. With a beating heart he

watched the flutter of her white dress, until the vehicle was on a level with the brink of the precipice.

"Canny now, lads, canny now!" exclaimed old Mucklebackit, who acted as commodore; "swerve the yard a bit—Now—there she sits safe on dry land!"

A loud shout announced the successful experiment to her fellow-sufferers beneath, who replied with a ready and cheerful halloo. Monkbarns, in his extacy of joy, stripped his great-coat to wrap up the young lady, and would have pulled off his coat and waistcoat for the same purpose, had he not been withheld by the cautious Caxon. "Haud a care o' us, your honour will be killed wi' the hoast—ye'll no get out o' your night-cowl this fortnight—and that will suit us unco ill.—Na, na—there's the chariot down bye, let twa o' the folk carry the young lady there."

"You're right," said the Antiquary, re-

adjusting the sleeves and collar of his coat, "you are right, Caxon; this is a naughty night to swim in—Miss Wardour, let me convey you to the chariot."

"Not for worlds, till I see my father safe."

In a few distinct words, evincing how much her resolution had surmounted even the mortal fear of so agitating a hazard, she explained the nature of the situation beneath, and the wishes of Lovel and Ochiltree.

"Right, right, that's right too—I should like to see the son of Sir Gamelyn de Guardover on dry-land myself—I have a notion he would sign the abjuration oath, and the Ragman-roll to boot, and acknowledge Queen Mary to be nothing better than she should be, to get along-side my bottle of old port that he ran away and left scarce begun—But he's safe now, and here a comes—(for the chair was again lowered, and Sir Arthur made fast in it, without much consciousness on his own

part)—here a comes—rouse away my boys —canny wi' him—a pedigree of a hundred links is hanging on a tenpenny tow—the whole barony of Knockwinnock depends on three plies of hemp—*respice finem, respice funem*—look to your end—look to a rope's end.—Welcome, welcome, my good old friend, to firm land, though I cannot say to warm land or to dry land—a cord for ever against fifty fathom of water, though not in the sense of the base proverb—a fico for the phrase—better *sus. per funem,* than *sus. per coll.*"

While Oldbuck ran on in this way, Sir Arthur was safely wrapped in the close embraces of his daughter, who, assuming that authority which the circumstances demanded, ordered some of the assistants to convey him to the chariot, promising to follow in a few minutes. She lingered on the cliff, holding an old countryman's arm, to witness probably the safety of those whose dangers she had shared.

"What have we here?" said Oldbuck,

as the vehicle once more ascended, "What patched and weather-beaten matter is this?" then, as the torches illumined the rough face and grey hairs of old Ochiltree,—"What! is it thou?—come, old Mocker, I must needs be friends with thee—but who the devil makes up your party besides?"

"Ane that's weel worth ony twa o' us, Monkbarns—it's the young stranger lad they ca' Lovel—and he's behaved this blessed night, as if he had three lives to rely on, and was willing to waste them a' rather than endanger ither folks—Ca' hooly, sirs, as ye wad win an auld man's blessing!—mind there's naebody below now to haud the gy—Hae a care o' the Cat's-lug-corner—bide weel aff Crummie's-horn!"

"Have a care, indeed," echoed Oldbuck; "What! is it my *rara avis*—my black swan—my phœnix of companions in a post-chaise?—take care of him, Mucklebackit."

"As meikle care as if he were a grey-beard o' brandy; and I canna take mair if his hair were like John Harlowe's—Yo ho, my hearts, bowse away with him!"

Lovel did, in fact, run a much greater risk than any of his precursors. His weight was not sufficient to render his ascent steady amid such a storm of wind, and he swung like an agitated pendulum at the mortal risk of being dashed against the rocks. But he was young, bold, and active, and, with the assistance of the beggar's stout piked staff, which he had retained by advice of the proprietor, contrived to bear himself from the face of the precipice, and the yet more hazardous projecting cliffs which varied its surface. Tossed in empty space, like an idle and unsubstantial feather, with a motion that agitated the brain at once with fear and with dizziness, he retained his alertness of exertion and presence of mind; and it was not until he was safely grounded upon the summit of the cliff, that he felt temporary

and giddy sickness. As he recovered from a sort of half swoon, he cast his eyes eagerly around. The object which they would most willingly have sought, was already in the act of vanishing. Her white garment was just discernible as she followed on the path which her father had taken. She had lingered till she saw the last of their company rescued from danger, and until she had been assured by the coarse voice of Mucklebackit, that "the callant had come off wi' unbrizzed banes, and that he was but in a kind of dwam." But Lovel was not aware that she had expressed in his fate even this degree of interest, which, though nothing more than was due to a stranger who had assisted her in such an hour of peril, he would have gladly purchased by braving even more imminent danger than he had that evening been exposed to. The beggar she had already commanded to come to Knockwinnock that night. He

made an excuse,—"Then to-morrow let me see you."

The old man promised to obey. Oldbuck thrust something into his hand—Ochiltree looked at it by the torch-light, and returned it—"Na, na! I never tak gowd—besides, Monkbarns, ye wad maybe be rueing it the morn;" then turning to the group of fishermen and peasants,—"Now, sirs, whae will gie me a supper and some clean pease-strae?"

"I," "and I," "and I," answered many a ready voice.

"Aweel, since sae it is, and I can only sleep in ae barn at ance, I'll gae down wi' Saunders Mucklebackit—he has aye a soup o' something comfortable about his bigging—and, bairns, I'll maybe live to put ilka ane o' ye in mind some ither night that ye hae promised me quarters and my awmous;" and away he went with the fisherman.

Oldbuck laid the hand of strong possession on Lovel—"De'il a stride ye's go to

Fairport this night, young man—you must go home with me to Monkbarns.—Why, man, you have been a hero—a perfect Sir William Wallace by all accounts.—Come, my good lad, take hold of my arm—I am not a prime support in such a wind—but Caxon shall help us out—Here, you old idiot, come on the other side of me—And how the de'il got you down to that infernal Bessie's-apron, as they called it?—Bess, said they—why, curse her, she has spread out that vile pennon or banner of womankind, like all the rest of her sex, to allure her votaries to death and headlong ruin."

"I have been pretty well accustomed to climbing, and I have long observed fowlers practise that pass down the cliff."

"But how, in the name of all that is wonderful, came you to discover the danger of the petted baronet and his far more deserving daughter?"

"I saw them from the verge of the precipice."

"From the verge!—umph—And what

possessed you, *dumosa pendere procul de rupe?*—though *dumosa* is not the appropriate epithet—What the de'il, man, tempted ye to the verge of the craig?"

"Why—I like to see the gathering and growling of a coming storm—or, in your own classical language, Mr Oldbuck, *suave est mari magno*—and so forth—but here we reach the turn to Fairport. I must wish you good night."

"Not a step, not a pace, not an inch, not a shathmont, as I may say; the meaning of which word has puzzled many that think themselves antiquaries. I am clear we should read *salmon-length* for *shathmont's-length.* You are aware that the space allotted for the passage of a salmon through a dam, dike, or wier, by statute, is the length within which a full-grown pig can turn himself round—now I have a scheme to prove, that, as terrestrial objects were thus appealed to for ascertaining submarine measurement, so it must be supposed that the productions of the

water were established as gages of the extent of land.—Shathmont—salmont—you see the close alliance of the sounds; dropping out two *h's* and a *t*, and assuming an *l*, makes the whole difference—I wish to Heaven no antiquarian derivation had demanded heavier concessions."

"But, my dear sir, I really must go home—I am wet to the skin."

"Shalt have my night-gown, man, and slippers, and catch the antiquarian fever as men do the plague, by wearing infected garments—nay, I know what you would be at—you are afraid to put the old bachelor to charges. But is there not the remains of that glorious chicken-pie—which, *meo arbitrio*, is better cold than hot—and that bottle of my oldest port, out of which the silly brain-sick baronet (whom I cannot pardon, since he has escaped breaking his neck,) had just taken one glass, when his infirm noddle went a wool-gathering after Gamelyn de Guardover?"

So saying, he dragged Lovel forwards,

till the Palmer's-port of Monkbarns received them. Never, perhaps, had it admitted two pedestrians more needing rest, for Monkbarns' fatigue had been in a degree very contrary to his usual habits, and his more young and robust companion had that evening undergone agitation of mind which had harassed and wearied him even more than his extraordinary exertions of body.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S

CHAPTER IX.

"Be brave," she cried, "you yet may be our guest.
Our haunted room was ever held the best;
If, then, your valour can the fight sustain
Of rustling curtains, and the clinking chain;
If your courageous tongue have powers to talk,
When round your bed the horrid ghost shall walk;
If you dare ask it why it leaves its tomb,
I'll see your sheets well air'd, and show the room."

True Story.

THEY reached the room in which they had dined, and were clamorously welcomed by Miss Oldbuck.

"Where's the younger womankind?" said the Antiquary.

"Indeed, brother, amang a' the steery, Maria wadna be guided by me—she set

away to the Halket-craig-head—I wonder ye didna see her."

"Eh!—what—what's that you say, sister?—did the girl go out in a night like this to the Halket-head?—Good God! the misery of the night is not ended yet!"

"But ye winna wait, Monkbarns—ye are so imperative and impatient"——

"Tittle-tattle, woman," said the impatient and agitated Antiquary, "where is my dear Mary?"

"Just where ye suld be yoursel, Monkbarns—up-stairs, and in her warm bed."

"I could have sworn it," said Oldbuck, laughing, but obviously much relieved, "I could have sworn it—the lazy monkey did not care if we were all drowned together—why did you say she went out?"

"But ye wadna wait to hear out my tale, Monkbarns—she gaed out, and she came in again with the gardener sae sune as she saw that nane o' ye were clodded ower the craig, and that Miss Wardour was safe in the chariot—she was hame a

quarter of an hour syne, for it's now ganging ten—sair droukit was she, poor thing, sae I e'en put a glass o' sherry in her water-gruel."

"Right, Grizel, right—let womankind alone for coddling each other. But hear ye, my venerable sister—Start not at the word venerable; it implies many praiseworthy qualities besides age; though that too is honourable, albeit it is the last quality for which womankind would wish to be honoured—But perpend my words; let Lovel and I have forthwith the reliques of the chicken-pie and the reversion of the port."

"The chicken-pie—the port—ou dear! brother—there was but a whin banes, and scarce a drap o' the wine."

The Antiquary's countenance became clouded, though he was too well-bred to give way, in the presence of a stranger, to his displeased surprise at the disappearance of the viands on which he had reckoned with absolute certainty. But his sis-

ter understood these looks of ire. "Ou dear! Monkbarns, what's the use of making a wark?"

"I make no wark, as you call it, woman."

"But what's the use o' looking sae glum and glunch about a pickle banes?—an ye will hae the truth, ye maun ken the minister came in, worthy man—sair distressed he was, nae doubt, about your precaarious situation, as he ca'd it, (for ye ken how weel he's gifted wi' words) and here he wad bide till he could hear wi' certainty how the matter was likely to gang wi' ye a'—He said fine things on the duty of resignation to Providence's will, worthy man! that did he."

Oldbuck replied, catching the same tone, "Worthy man!—he cared not how soon Monkbarns had devolved on an heir female, I've a notion—and while he was occupied in this Christian office of consolation against impending evil, I reckon

that the chicken-pie and my good port disappeared?"

"Dear brother, how can you speak o' sic frivolities, when you have had sic an escape from the craig?"

"Better than my supper has had frae the minister's *craig*, Grizzie—it's all discussed, I suppose?"

"Hout, Monkbarns, ye speak as if there was nae mair meat in the house—wad ye not have had me offer the honest man some slight refreshment after his walk frae the manse?"

Oldbuck half-whistled, half-hummed, the end of the old Scottish ditty,

> O, first they eated the white puddings,
> And then they eated the black, O,
> And thought the gudeman unto himsell,
> The de'il clink down wi' that, O.

His sister hastened to silence his murmurs, by proposing some of the reliques of the dinner. He spoke of another bottle of

wine, but recommended in preference a glass of brandy, which was really excellent. As no entreaties could prevail on Lovel to indue the velvet night-cap and branched morning-gown of his host, Oldbuck, who pretended to a little knowledge of the medical art, insisted on his going to bed as soon as possible, and proposed to dispatch a messenger (the indefatigable Caxon) to Fairport early in the morning, to procure him a change of clothes.

This was the first intimation Miss Oldbuck had received that the young stranger was to be their guest for the night; and such was the surprise with which she was struck by a proposal so uncommon, that, had the superincumbent weight of her head dress, such as we before described, been less preponderant, her grey locks must have started up on end, and hurl'd it from its position.

"Lord haud a care o' us!" exclaimed the astounded maiden.

"What's the matter now, Grizel?"

"Wad ye but just speak a moment, Monkbarns?"

"Speak!—What should I speak about?—I want to get to my bed—and this poor young fellow—let a bed be made ready for him instantly."

"A bed?—The Lord preserve us," again ejaculated Grizel.

"Why, what's the matter now? are there not beds and rooms enough in the house? Was it not an ancient *hospitium*, in which I am warranted to say, beds were nightly made down for a score of pilgrims?"

"O dear, Monkbarns! wha kens what they might do langsyne?—but in our time—beds—aye, troth, there's beds enow sic as they are—and rooms enow too—but ye ken yoursel the beds hae na been sleepit in, Lord kens the time, nor the rooms aired.—If I had kend, Mary and me might hae gane down to the manse—Miss Beckie is aye fond to see us (and sae

is the minister, brother)—but now, gude safe us!"——

"Is there not the Green Room, Grizel?"

"Troth is there, and it is in decent order too, though naebody has slept there since Dr Heavystern, and"——

"And what?"

"And what! I'm sure ye ken yoursel what a night he had—ye wadna expose the young gentleman to the like o' that, wad ye?"

Lovel interfered upon hearing this altercation, and protested he would far rather walk home than put them to the least inconvenience—that the exercise would be of service to him—that he knew the road perfectly, by night or day, to Fairport—that the storm was abating, and so forth; adding all that civility could suggest as an excuse for escaping from a hospitality which seemed more inconvenient to his host than he could possibly have anticipated. But the howling of the wind, and pattering of the rain against the windows, with his knowledge of the preceding fa-

tigues of the evening, must have prohibited Oldbuck, even had he entertained less regard for his young friend than he really felt, from permitting him to depart. Besides, he was piqued in honour to shew that he himself was not governed by womankind—" Sit ye down, sit ye down, sit ye down, man," he reiterated; " an ye part so, I would I might never draw a cork again, and here comes out one from a prime bottle of—strong ale—right *anno domini*—none of your Wassia Quassia decoctions, but brewed of Monkbarns barley—John of the Girnel never drew a better flaggon to entertain a wandering minstrel, or palmer, with the freshest news from Palestine.—And to remove from your mind the slightest wish to depart, know, that if you do so, your character as a gallant knight is gone for ever—Why, 'tis an adventure, man, to sleep in the Green Room at Monkbarns—Sister, pray see it got ready—And, although the bold adventurer, Heavystern, dreed pain and do-

lour in that charmed apartment, it is no reason why a gallant knight like you, nearly twice as tall, and not half so heavy, should not encounter and brea k te spell."

"What! a haunted apartment I suppose?"

"To be sure, to be sure—every mansion in this country of the slightest antiquity has its ghosts and its haunted chamber, and you must not suppose us worse off than our neighbours. They are going, indeed, somewhat out of fashion. I have seen the day when, if you had doubted the reality of the ghost in an old manor-house, you run the risk of being made a ghost yourself, as Hamlet says—Yes, if you had challenged the existence of Red-cowl in the castle of Glenstirym, old Sir Peter Pepperbrand would have had ye out to his court-yard, made you betake yourself to your weapon, and if your trick of fence were not the better, would have sticked you like a paddock, on his own baronial middenstead. I once narrowly

escaped such an affray—But I humbled myself and apologized to Redcowl; for, even in my younger days, I was no friend to the *monomachia*, or duel, and would rather walk with Sir Priest than with Sir Knight, I care not who knows so much of my valour—thank God I am old now, and can indulge my irritabilities without the necessity of supporting them by cold steel."

Here Miss Oldbuck re-entered with a singularly sage expression of countenance. "Mr Lovel's bed's ready, brother—clean sheets—weel air'd—a spunk of fire in the chimney—I am sure, Mr Lovel, (addressing him,) it's no for the trouble—and I hope you will have a good night's rest—But"——

"You are resolved to do what you can to prevent it."

"Me?—I am sure I have said naething, Monkbarns."

"My dear madam," said Lovel, "allow me to ask you the meaning of your obliging anxiety on my account?"

" Ou, Monkbarns does not like to hear of it—but he kens himsel that the room has an ill name—It's weel minded that it was there auld Rab Tull the town-clerk was sleeping when he had that marvellous communication about the grand law-plea between us and the feuars at the Mussel-craig. It had cost a hantle siller, Mr Lovel; for law-pleas were no carried on without siller lang syne mair than they are now—and the Monkbarns of that day—our gudesire, Mr Lovel, as I said before—was like to be waured afore the session for want of a paper—Monkbarns there kens weel what paper it was, but I'se warrant he'll no help me out wi' my tale—but it was a paper of great significance to the plea, and we were to be waured for want o't. Aweel, the cause was to come on before the fifteen—in presence, as they ca't—and auld Rab Tull, the town-clerk, he cam ower to make a last search for the paper that was wanting, before our gudesire gaed into Edinburgh to look after his

plea—so there was little time to come and gang on—He was but a doited snuffy body, Rab, as I've heard—But then he was the town-clerk of Fairport, and the Monkbarns heritors aye employed him in their law business to keep up their connection wi' the burgh, ye ken."

"Sister Grizel, this is abominable," interrupted Oldbuck; "I vow to Heaven ye might have raised the ghosts of every abbot of Trotcosey since the days of Waldimir, in the time you have been detailing the introduction to this single spectre—Learn to be succinct in your narrative—Imitate the concise style of old Aubrey, an experienced ghost-seer, who entered his memoranda on these subjects in a terse business-like manner, *exempli gratia*—'At Cirencester, 5th March, 1670, was an apparition—Being demanded whether good spirit or bad, made no answer, but instantly disappeared with a curious perfume, and a melodious twang.'—*Vide* his Miscella-

nies, p. eighteen, as well as I can remember, and near the middle of the page."

"O, Monkbarns, man! do ye think every body as book-learned as yoursel?—but ye like to gar folk look like fools—ye can do that to Sir Arthur, and the minister his very sell."

"Nature has been before-hand with me, Grizel, both in these instances, and in another which shall be nameless:—but take a glass of ale, Grizel, and proceed with your story, for it waxes late."

"Jenny's just warming your bed, Monkbarns, and ye maun e'en wait till she's done.—Weel, I was at the search that our gude-sire, Monkbarns that then was, made wi' auld Rab Tull's assistance;—but ne'er be licket could they find that was to their purpose. And sae after they had touzled out mony a leather poke-full o' papers, the town-clerk had his drap punch at e'en to wash the dust out of his throat—we never were glass-breakers in this house, Mr Lovel—but the bodie had got sic a trick of

sippling and tippling wi' the baillies and deacons when they met (which was amaist ilka night) concerning the common gude o' the burgh, that he couldna weel sleep without it—But his punch he gat, and to bed he gaed—and in the middle of the night he gat a fearfu' wakening!—he was never just himsel after it, and he was strucken wi' the dead palsy that very day four years—He thought, Mr Lovel, that he heard the curtains o' his bed fissil, and out he lookit, fancying, puir man, it might have been the cat—But he saw—God hae a care o' us, it gars my flesh aye creep, though I hae tauld the story twenty times—he saw a weel-fa'ard auld gentleman standing by his bedside, in the moon-light, in a queer-fashioned dress, wi' mony a button and a band-string about it, and that part o' his garments, which it does not become a leddy to particulareeze, was baith side and wide, and as mony plie o't as of ony Hamburgh skipper's—He had a beard too, and whiskers turned upwards on his

upper-lip, as lang as Baudrons's—and mony mair particulars there were that Rab Tull tauld o', but they are forgotten now—it is an auld story—Aweel, Rab was a just-living man for a country writer—and he was less fear'd than maybe might just hae been expected—and he asked in the name o' goodness what the apparition wanted—And the spirit answered in an unknown tongue.—Then Rab said he tried him wi' Erse, for he cam in his youth frae the Braes of Glenlivat—but it wadna do—Aweel, in this strait, he bethought him of the twa or three words o' Latin that he used in making out the town's deeds, and he had nae sooner tried the spirit wi' that, than out cam sic a blatter o' Latin about his lugs, that poor Rab Tull, wha was nae great scholar, was clean overwhelmed. Odd, but he was a bauld body, and he minded the Latin name for the deed that he was wanting. It was something about a cart I fancy, for the ghaist cried aye *Carter, carter*"——

" *Carta*, you transformer of languages," cried Oldbuck; "if my ancestor had learned no other language in the other world, at least he would not forget the latinity for which he was so famous while in this."

"Weel, weel, *carta* be it then, but they ca'd it *carter* that tell'd me the story—It cried aye *carta*, if sae be that it was *carta*, and made a sign to Rab to follow it. Rab Tull keepit a Highland heart, and bang'd out o' bed, and till some o' his readiest claes—and he did follow the thing up stairs and down stairs to the place we ca' the high dow-cot, (a sort of a little tower in the corner of the auld house, where there was a rickle o' useless boxes and trunks,) and there the ghaist gae Rab a kick wi' the tae foot, and a kick wi' the tother, to that very auld east-country tabernacle of a cabinet that my brother has standing beside his library table, and then disappeared like a fuff o' tobacco, leaving Rab in a very pitiful condition."

" *Tenues secessit in auras*," quoth Old-

buck, "Marry, sir, *mansit odor*—But, sure enough, the deed was there found in a drawer of this forgotten repository, which contained many other curious old papers, now properly labelled and arranged, and which seem to have belonged to my ancestor, the first possessor of Monkbarns. The deed, thus strangely recovered, was the original Charter of Erection of the Abbey, Abbey Lands, and so forth, of Trotcosey, comprehending Monkbarns and others into a Lordship of Regality in favour of the first Earl of Glengibber, a favourite of James the Sixth. It is subscribed by the king at Westminster, the seventeenth day of January, A. D. one thousand six hundred and twelve—thirteen. It's not worth while to repeat the witnesses names."

"I would rather," said Lovel, with awakened curiosity, "I would rather hear your opinion of the way in which the deed was discovered."

"Why, if I wanted a patron for my le-

gend, I could find no less a one than Saint Augustin, who tells the story of a deceased person appearing to his son, when sued for a debt which had been paid, and directing him where to find the discharge. But I rather opine with Lord Bacon, who says that imagination is much a-kin to miracle-working faith. There was always some idle story of the room being haunted by the spirit of Aldobrand Oldenbuck, my great-great-great-grandfather—it's a shame to the English language that we have not a less clumsy way of expressing a relationship, of which we have occasion to think and speak so frequently—he was a foreigner, and wore his national dress, of which tradition had preserved an accurate description; and indeed there is a print of him, supposed to be by Reginald Elstracke, pulling the press with his own hand, as it works off the sheets of his scarce edition of the Augsburg Confession. He was a chemist, as well as a good mechanic, and either of

these qualities in this country was at that time sufficient to constitute a white witch at least. This superstitious old writer had heard all this, and probably believed it, and in his sleep the image and idea of my ancestor recalled that of his cabinet, which, with the grateful attention to antiquities and the memory of our ancestors not unusually met with, had been pushed into the pigeon-house to be out of the way—Add a *quantum sufficit* of exaggeration, and you have a key to the whole mystery."

"Oh, brother, brother! But Dr Heavystern, brother—whose sleep was so sore broken, that he declared he wadna pass another night in the Green Room to get all Monkbarns, so that Mary and I were forced to yield our"——

"Why, Grizel, the doctor is a good, honest, pudding-headed German, of much merit in his own way, but fond of the mystical, like many of his countrymen. You and he had a traffic the whole evening, in which you received tales of Mesmer, Schrop-

fer, Cagliostro, and other modern pretenders to the mystery of raising spirits, discovering hidden treasure, and so forth, in exchange for your legends of the green bed-chamber—and considering that the *Illustrissimus* ate a pound and a half of Scotch collops to supper, smoked six pipes, and drank ale and brandy in proportion, I am not surprised at his having a fit of the night-mare—But every thing is now ready. Permit me to light you to your apartment, Mr Lovel—I am sure you have need of rest—and I trust my ancestor is too sensible of the duties of hospitality to interfere with the repose which you have so well merited by your manly and gallant behaviour."

So saying, the Antiquary took up a bedroom candlestick of massive silver and antique form, which, he observed, was wrought out of the silver found in the mines of the Harz mountains, and had been the property of the very personage who had supplied them with a subject for

conversation. And having so said, he led the way through many a dusky and winding passage, now ascending and anon descending again, until he came to the apartment destined for his young guest.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAPTER X.

When midnight o'er the moonless skies
Her pall of transient death has spread,
When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,
And none are wakeful but the dead;
No bloodless shape my way pursues,
No sheeted ghost my couch annoys,
Visions more sad my fancy views,—
Visions of long-departed joys.

W. R. SPENSER.

WHEN they reached the Green Room, as it was called, Oldbuck placed the candle on the toilet-table, before a huge mirror with a black japanned frame, surrounded by dressing-boxes of the same, and looked around him with something of a disturbed expression of countenance. "I am seldom in this apartment," he said, "and

never without yielding to a melancholy feeling—not, of course, on account of the childish nonsense that Grizel was telling you, but owing to circumstances of an early and unhappy attachment. It is at such moments as these, Mr Lovel, that we feel the changes of time. The same objects are before us—those inanimate things which we have gazed on in wayward infancy and impetuous youth, in anxious and scheming manhood—they are permanent and the same; but when we look upon them in cold unfeeling old age, can we, changed in our temper, our pursuits, our feelings, —changed in our form, our limbs, and our strength,—can we be ourselves called the same? or do we not rather look back with a sort of wonder upon our former selves, as beings separate and distinct from what we now are? The philosopher, who appealed from Philip inflamed with wine to Philip in his hours of sobriety, did not chuse a judge so different, as if he had appealed from Philip in his youth to Philip in his old age. I cannot but be touched

with the feeling so beautifully expressed in a poem which I have heard repeated:*

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
  My heart is idly stirr'd,
For the same sound is in my ears
  Which in these days I heard.

Thus fares it still in our decay;
  And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what time takes away,
  Than what he leaves behind.

Well, time cures every wound, and though the scar may remain and occasionally ache, yet the earliest agony of its recent infliction is felt no more."—So saying, he shook Lovel cordially by the hand, wished him good night, and took his leave.

Step after step Lovel could trace his host's retreat along the various passages, and each door which he closed behind

* Probably Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads had not as yet been published.

him fell with a sound more distant and dead. The guest, thus separated from the living world, took up the candle and surveyed the apartment. The fire blazed cheerfully. Mrs Grizel's attention had left some fresh wood, should he chuse to continue it, and the apartment had a comfortable, though not a lively, appearance. It was hung with tapestry, which the looms of Arras had produced in the sixteenth century, and which the learned typographer, so often mentioned, had brought with him as a sample of the arts of the continent. The subject was a hunting-piece; and as the leafy boughs of the forest-trees, branching over the tapestry, formed the predominant colour, the apartment had thence acquired its name of the green chamber. Grim figures, in the old Flemish dress, with slashed doublets, covered with ribbands, short cloaks, and trunk-hose, were engaged in holding greyhounds or stag-hounds in the leash, or cheering them upon the objects of their

game. Others, with boar-spears, swords, and old-fashioned guns, were attacking stags or bears whom they had brought to bay. The branches of the woven forest were crowded with fowls of various kinds, each depicted with its proper plumage. It seemed as if the prolific and rich invention of old Chaucer had animated the Flemish artist with its profusion, and Oldbuck had accordingly caused the following verses, from that ancient and excellent poet, to be embroidered, in Gothic letters, on a sort of border which he had added to the tapestry:—

Lo! here be oakis grete, streight as a lime,
 Under the which the grass, so fresh of line,
Be'th newly sprung—at eight foot or nine.
 Everich tree well from his fellow grew,
With branches broad laden with leaves new,
 That sprongen out against the sonné sheene,
 Some golden red, and some a glad bright green.

And in another canton was the following similar legend:

And many an hart, and many an hind,
Was both before me and behind.

Of fawns, sownders, bucks, and does,
Was full the wood, and many roes,
And many squirrells that ysate
High on the trees and nuts ate.

The bed was of dark and faded green, wrought to correspond with the tapestry, but by a more modern and less skilful hand. The large and heavy stuff-bottomed chairs, with black ebony backs, were embroidered upon the same pattern, and a lofty mirror, over the antique chimney-piece, corresponded in its mounting with that on the old-fashioned toilet.

"I have heard," thought Lovel, as he took a cursory view of the room and its furniture, "that ghosts often chose the best room in the mansion to which they attached themselves, and I cannot disapprove of the taste of the disembodied printer of the Augsburg Confession." But he found it so difficult to fix his mind upon the stories which had been told him of an apartment, with which they seemed so singularly to correspond, that he al-

most regretted the absence of those agitated feelings, half fear half curiosity, which sympathize with the old legends of awe and wonder, from which the anxious reality of his own hopeless passion at present detached him.

> Ah! cruel maid, how hast thou changed
> The temper of my mind!
> My heart, by thee from all estranged,
> Becomes like thee unkind.

He endeavoured to conjure up something like the emotions which would, at another time, have been congenial to his situation, but his heart had no room for these vagaries of imagination. The recollection of Miss Wardour, determined not to acknowledge him when compelled to endure his society, and evincing her purpose to escape from it, would have alone occupied his imagination exclusively.—But with this were united recollections more agitating if less painful—her hair-breadth escape—the fortunate assistance

which he had been able to render her—Yet, what was his requital?—She left the cliff while his fate was yet doubtful—while it was uncertain whether her preserver had not lost the life which he had exposed for her so freely.—Surely gratitude, at least, called for some little interest in his fate—But no—she could not be selfish or unjust—it was no part of her nature. She only desired to shut the door against hope, and, even in compassion to him, to extinguish a passion which she could never return.

But this lover-like mode of reasoning was not likely to reconcile him to his fate, since the more amiable his imagination presented Miss Wardour, the more inconsolable he felt he should be rendered by the extinction of his hopes. He was, indeed, conscious of possessing the powers of removing her prejudices on some points; but, even in extremity, he determined to keep the original determination which he had formed, of ascertaining that she desired an expla-

nation ere he intruded one upon her. And turn the matter as he would, he could not regard his suit as desperate. There was something of embarrassment as well as of grave surprise in her look when Oldbuck presented him, and, perhaps, upon second thoughts, the one was assumed to cover the other. He would not relinquish a pursuit which had already cost him such pains. Plans, suiting the romantic temper of the brain that entertained them, chaced each other through his head, thick and irregular as the motes in the sun-beam, and, long after he had laid himself to rest, continued to prevent the repose which he greatly needed. Then, wearied by the uncertainty and difficulties with which each scheme appeared to be attended, he bent up his mind to the strong effort of shaking off his love "like dew-drops from the lion's mane," and resuming those studies and that career of life which his unrequited affection had so long and so fruitlessly interrupted. In this last resolution, he endeavoured to for-

tify himself by every argument which pride, as well as reason, could suggest. "She shall not suppose," he said, "that, presuming on an accidental service to her or to her father, I am desirous to intrude myself upon that notice, to which, personally, she considered me as having no title. I will see her no more. I will return to the land which, if it affords none fairer, has at least many as fair, and less haughty than Miss Wardour. To-morrow I will bid adieu to these northern shores, and to her who is as cold and relentless as her climate." When he had for some time brooded over this sturdy resolution, exhausted nature at length gave way, and, despite of wrath, doubt, and anxiety, he sunk into slumber.

It is seldom that sleep, after such violent agitation, is either sound or refreshing. Lovel's was disturbed by a thousand baseless and confused visions. He was a bird—he was a fish—or he flew like the one, and swam like the other,—qualities

which would have been very essential to his safety a few hours before. Then Miss Wardour was a syren, or a bird of Paradise; her father a triton, or sea-gull; and Oldbuck alternately a porpoise and a cormorant. These agreeable imaginations were varied by all the usual vagaries of a feverish dream; the air refused to bear the visionary, the water seemed to burn him—the rocks felt like down-pillows as he was dashed against them—whatever he undertook failed in some strange and unexpected manner—and whatever attracted his attention, underwent, as he attempted to investigate it, some wild and wonderful metamorphosis, while his mind continued all the while in some degree conscious of the delusion, from which it in vain struggled to free itself by awaking—feverish symptoms all, with which those who are haunted by the night-hag, whom the learned call Ephialtes, are but too well acquainted. At length these crude phantasmata arranged themselves into some-

thing more regular, if indeed the imagination of Lovel, after he awoke, (for it was by no means the faculty in which his mind was least rich) did not gradually, insensibly, and unintentionally, arrange in better order the scene, of which his sleep presented, it may be, a less distinct outline. Or it is possible that his feverish agitation may have assisted him in forming the vision.

Leaving this discussion to the learned, we will say, that, after a succession of wild images, such as we have above described, our hero, for such we must acknowledge him, so far regained a consciousness of locality as to remember where he was, and the whole furniture of the green chamber was depicted to his slumbering eye. And here, once more, let me protest, that if there should be so much old-fashioned faith left among this shrewd and sceptical generation, as to suppose that what follows was an impression conveyed rather by the eye

than by the imagination, I do not impugn their doctrine. He was then, or imagined himself, broad awake in the green chamber, gazing upon the flickering and occasional flame which the unconsumed remnants of the faggots sent forth, as, one by one, they fell down upon the red embers, into which the principal part of the boughs to which they belonged had crumbled away. Insensibly the legend of Aldobrand Oldenbuck, and his mysterious visits to the inmates of the chamber, awoke in his mind, and with it, as we often feel in dreams, an anxious and fearful expectation, which seldom fails instantly to summon up before our mind's eye the object of our fear. Brighter sparkles of light flashed from the chimney with such intense brilliancy, as to enlighten all the room. The tapestry waved wildly on the wall, till its dusky forms seemed to become animated. The hunters blew their horns—the stag seemed to fly, the boar to resist, and the hounds to assail the one and pur-

sue the other; the cry of deer, mangled by throttling dogs—the shouts of men, and the clatter of horses' hoofs, seemed at once to surround him—while every group pursued, with all the fury of the chace, the employment in which the artist had represented them as engaged. Lovel looked on this strange scene devoid of wonder, (which seldom intrudes itself upon the sleeping fancy,) but with an anxious sensation of awful fear. At length an individual figure among the tissued huntsmen, as he gazed upon them more fixedly, seemed to leave the arras and to approach the bed of the slumberer. As he drew near, his figure appeared to alter. His hunting-horn became a brazen clasped volume; his hunting-cap changed to such a furred head-gear as graces the burgo-masters of Rembrandt; his Flemish garb remained, but his features, no longer agitated with the fury of the chace, were changed to such a state of awful and stern composure, as might best

pourtray the first proprietor of Monkbarns, such as he had been described to Lovel by his descendants in the course of the preceding evening. As this metamorphosis took place, the hubbub among the other personages in the arras disappeared from the imagination of the dreamer, which was now exclusively bent on the single figure before him. Lovel strove to interrogate this awful person in the form of exorcism proper for the occasion, but his tongue, as is usual in frightful dreams, refused its office, and clung, palsied, to the roof of his mouth. Aldobrand held up his finger, as if to impose silence upon the guest who had intruded on his apartment, and began deliberately to unclasp the venerable volume which occupied his left hand. When it was unfolded, he turned over the leaves hastily for a short space, and then raising his figure to its full dimensions, and holding the book aloft in his left hand, pointed to a passage in the page which he thus displayed. Although

the language was unknown to our dreamer, his eye and attention were both strongly caught by the line which the figure seemed thus to press upon his notice, the words of which appeared to blaze with a supernatural light, and remained rivetted upon his memory. As the vision shut his volume, a strain of delightful music seemed to fill the apartment—Lovel started, and became completely awake. The music, however, was still in his ears, nor ceased till he could distinctly follow the measure of an old Scottish tune.

He sate up in bed, and endeavoured to clear his brain of the phantoms which had disturbed it during this weary night. The beams of the morning sun streamed through the half-closed shutters, and admitted a distinct light into the apartment. He looked round upon the hangings, but the mixed groups of silken and worsted huntsmen were as stationary as tenter-hooks could make them, and only trembled slightly as

the early breeze, which found its way through an open crevice of the latticed window, glided along their surface. Lovel leapt out of bed, and, wrapping himself in a morning-gown, that had been considerately laid by his bed-side, stepped towards the window, which commanded a view of the sea, the roar of whose billows announced it still disquieted by the storm of the preceding evening, although the morning was fair and serene. The window of a turret, which projected at an angle with the wall, and thus came to be very near Lovel's apartment, was half open, and from that quarter he heard again the same music which had probably broken short his dream. With its visionary character it had lost much of its charms—it was now nothing more than an air on the harpsichord, tolerably well performed—such is the caprice of imagination as affecting the fine arts. A female voice sung, with some taste and great simplicity, something be-

tween a song and a hymn, in words to the following effect :—

"Why sit'st thou by that ruin'd hall,
Thou aged carle so stern and grey?
Dost thou its former pride recal,
Or ponder how it pass'd away?"—

"Know'st thou not me!" the Deep Voice cried;
"So long enjoy'd, so oft misused—
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused?

"Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away;
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

"Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When TIME and thou shalt part for ever!"

While the verses were yet singing, Lovel had returned to his bed; the train of ideas which they awakened was romantic and pleasing, such as his soul delighted in, and, willingly adjourning, till more broad

day, the doubtful task of determining on his future line of conduct, he abandoned himself to the pleasing languor inspired by the music, and fell into a sound and refreshing sleep, from which he was only awakened at a late hour by old Caxon, who came creeping into the room to render the offices of a valet-de-chambre.

"I have brushed your coat, sir," said the old man, when he perceived Lovel was awake, "the callant brought it frae Fairport this morning, for that ye had on yesterday is scantly feasibly dry, though it's been a' night at the kitchen fire—and I hae cleaned your shoon—I doubt ye'll no be wanting me to tie your hair, for a' (with a gentle sigh) the young gentlemen wear crops now—but I hae the curling-tangs here to gie it a bit turn ower the brow, if ye like, before ye gae down to the leddies."

Lovel, who was by this time once more on his legs, declined the old man's professional offices, but accompanied the refusal

with such a *douceur* as completely sweetened Caxon's mortification.

"It's a pity he disna get his hair tied and pouthered," said the ancient *frizeur*, when he had got once more into the kitchen, in which, on one pretence or other, he spent three parts of his idle time—that is to say, of his *whole* time—"it's a great pity, for he's a comely young gentleman."

"Hout awa', ye auld gowk," said Jenny Rintherout, "would ye creesh his bonny brown hair wi' your nasty ulyie, and then moust it like the auld minister's wig?—Ye'll be for your breakfast, I'se warrant?—hae, there's a soup parridge for ye—it will set ye better to be slaistering at them and the lapper-milk than middling wi' Mr Lovel's head—ye wad spoil the maist natural and beautifaest head o' hair in a' Fairport, baith burgh and county."

The poor barber sighed over the disrespect into which his art had so universally fallen, but Jenny was a person too important to offend by contradiction; so sitting

quietly down in the kitchen, he digested at once his humiliation, and the contents of a bicker which held a Scotch pint of substantial oatmeal porridge.

CHAPTER XI.

> Sometimes he thinks that Heaven this vision sent,
> And order'd all the pageants as they went;
> Sometimes that only 'twas wild Fancy's play,—
> The loose and scatter'd reliques of the day.

We must now request our readers to adjourn to the breakfast-parlour of Mr Oldbuck, who, despising the modern slops of tea and coffee, was substantially regaling himself, *more majorum*, with cold roast-beef, and a glass of a sort of beverage called *Mum*, a species of fat ale, brewed from wheat and bitter herbs, of which the present generation only know the name by its occurrence in revenue acts of parliament, coupled with cyder, perry, and other exciseable commodities. Lovel, who was seduced to taste it, with difficulty re-

frained from pronouncing it detestable, but *did* refrain, as he saw he should otherwise give great offence to his host, who had the liquor annually prepared with peculiar care, according to the approved recipe bequeathed to him by the so-often-mentioned Aldobrand Oldenbuck. The hospitality of the ladies offered Lovel a breakfast more suited to modern taste, and while he was engaged in partaking it, he was assailed by indirect enquiries concerning the manner in which he had passed the night.

"We canna compliment Mr Lovel on his looks this morning, brother—but he winna condescend on any ground of disturbance he has had in the night-time—I am certain he looks very pale, and when he came here he was as fresh as a rose."

"Why, sister, consider this rose of yours has been knocked about by sea and wind all yesterday evening as if he had been a bunch of kelp or tangle, and how the devil would you have him retain his colour?"

"I certainly do still feel somewhat fatigued," said Lovel, "notwithstanding the excellent accommodations with which your hospitality supplied me."

"Ah, sir!" said Miss Oldbuck, looking at him with a knowing smile, or what was meant to be one, "ye'll not allow of any inconvenience, out of civility to us."

"Really, madam, I had no disturbance, for I cannot term such the music with which some kind fairy favoured me."

"I doubted Mary wad wake you wi' her skreighing; she didna ken I had left open a chink of your window, for, forbye the ghaist, the Green Room doesna vent weel in a high wind—But, I am judging, ye heard mair than Mary's lilts yestreen—weel, men are hardy creatures, they can gae through wi' a' thing—I am sure had I been to undergo ony thing of that nature,—that's to say that's beyond nature—I would hae skreigh'd out at once, and raised the house, be the consequence what liket—and, I dare say, the minister wad

hae done as mickle, and sae I hae tald him—I ken naebody but my brother, Monkbarns himsel, wad gae through the like o't, if, indeed, it binna you, Mr Lovel."

"A man of Mr Oldbuck's learning, madam, would not be exposed to the inconvenience sustained by the Highland gentleman you mentioned last night."

"Aye! aye! ye understand now where the difficulty lies—language? he has ways o' his ain wad banish a' thae sort o' worricows as far as the hindermost parts of Gideon, (meaning possibly Midian,) as Mr Blattergowl says—only ane wadna be uncivil to one's forbear though he be a ghaist—I am sure I will try that receipt of yours, brother, that ye showed me in a book, if ony body is to sleep in that room again, though, I think, in Christian charity, ye should rather fit up the matted-room—it's a wee damp and dark, to be sure, but then we hae sae seldom occasion for a spare bed."

"No, no, sister; dampness and darkness are worse than spectres—ours are spirits of light—and I would rather have you try the spell."

"I will do that blythely, Monkbarns, an' I had the ingredients, as my cookery-book ca's them—There was *vervain* and *dill*—I mind that—Davie Dibble will ken about them, though, maybe, he'll gie them Latin names—and pepper-corn, we hae walth o' them, for"——

"Hypericon, thou foolish woman!" thundered Oldbuck, "d'ye suppose you're making a haggis—or do you think that a spirit, though he be formed of air, can be expelled by a receipt against wind?—This wise Grizel of mine, Mr Lovel, recollects (with what accuracy you may judge) a charm which I once mentioned to her, and which, happening to hit her superstitious noddle, she remembers better than any thing tending to an useful purpose I may chance to have said for this ten years—But many an old woman besides herself"——

"Auld woman! Monkbarns," said Miss Oldbuck, roused something above her usual submissive tone, "ye really are less than civil to me."

"Not less than just, Grizel; however, I include in the same class many a sounding name, from Jamblichus down to Aubrey, who have wasted their time in devising imaginary remedies for non-existent diseases—But I hope, my young friend, that, charmed or uncharmed—secured by the potency of Hypericon,

With vervain and with dill,
That hinder witches of their will,

or left disarmed and defenceless to the inroads of the invisible world, you will give another night to the terrors of the haunted apartment, and another day to your faithful and feal friends."

"I heartily wish I could, but"——

"Nay, but me no *buts*—I have set my heart upon it."

"I am greatly obliged, my dear sir, but"——

"Look ye there, now—*but* again!—I hate *but*; I know no form of expression in which he can appear, that is amiable, excepting as a *butt* of sack—*but* is to me a more detestable combination of letters than *no* itself—*No* is a surly, honest fellow, speaks his mind rough and round at once—*But* is a sneaking, evasive, half-bred, exceptious sort of a conjunction, which comes to pull away the cup just when it is at your lips—

> ——————— it does allay
> The good precedent—fie upon *but yet!*
> *But yet* is as a jailor to bring forth
> Some monstrous malefactor."

"Well, then," answered Lovel, whose motions were really undetermined at the moment, "you shall not connect the recollection of my name with so churlish a particle—I must soon think of leaving Fairport I am afraid—and I will, since you are good enough to wish it, take this opportunity of spending another day here."

"And you shall be rewarded, my boy—First you shall see John o' the Girnell's grave, and then we'll walk gently along the sands, the state of tide being first ascertained, (for we will have no more Peter Wilkins adventures, no more Glum and Gawrie work) as far as Knockwinnock Castle, and enquire after the old knight and my fair foe—which will be but barely civil, and then"——

"I beg pardon, my dear sir; but, perhaps, you had better adjourn your visit till to-morrow—I am a stranger, you know."

"And are, therefore, the more bound to shew civility, I should suppose—But I beg your pardon for mentioning a word that perhaps belongs only to a collector of antiquities—I am one of the old school,

When courtiers gallop'd o'er four counties
The ball's fair partner to behold,
And humbly hope she caught no cold."

"Why, if—if—if you thought it would

be expected—but I believe I had better stay."

"Nay, nay, my good friend, I am not so old-fashioned as to press you to what is disagreeable, neither—it is sufficient that I see there is some *remora*, some cause of delay, some mid impediment which I have no title to enquire into.—Or you are still somewhat tired perhaps—I warrant I find means to entertain your intellects without fatiguing your limbs—I am no friend to violent exertion myself—a walk in the garden once a day is exercise enough for any thinking being—none but a fool or a fox-hunter would require more.—Well, what shall we set about?—my Essay on Castrametation—but I have that in *petto* for our afternoon cordial—or I will shew you the controversy upon Ossian's Poems between Mac-Cribb and me—I hold with the acute Orcadian—he with the defenders of the authenticity—The controversy began in smooth, oily, lady-like terms, but is now waxing more sour and eager as we

get on—it already partakes somewhat of old Scaliger's style.—I fear the rogue will get some scent of that story of Ochiltree's—but, at worst, I have a hard repartee for him on the affair of the abstracted Antigonus—I will shew you his last epistle, and the scroll of my answer—egad, it is a trimmer."

So saying, the Antiquary opened a drawer, and began rummaging among a quantity of miscellaneous papers, ancient and modern. But it was the misfortune of this learned gentleman, as it may be that of many learned and unlearned, that he frequently experienced on such occasions, what Harlequin calls *l'embaras des richesses*—in other words, the abundance of his collection often prevented him from finding the article he sought for. "Curse the papers!—I believe," said Oldbuck, as he shuffled them to and fro,—"I believe they make themselves wings like grasshoppers, and fly away bodily—but here, in the meanwhile, look at that little treasure."

So saying, he put into his hand a case made of oak, fenced at the corner with silver roses and studs—"Pr'ythee, undo this button," said he, as he observed Lovel fumbling at the clasp;"—he did so, the lid opened, and discovered a thin quarto, curiously bound in black shagreen—"There, Mr Lovel—there is the work I mentioned to you last night—the rare quarto of the Augsburg Confession, the foundation at once and the bulwark of the Reformation, drawn up by the learned and venerable Melancthon, defended by the Elector of Saxony, and the other valiant hearts who stood up for their faith even against the front of a powerful and victorious emperor, and imprinted by the scarcely less venerable and praiseworthy Aldobrand Oldenbuck, my happy progenitor, during the yet more tyrannical attempts of Philip II. to suppress at once civil and religious liberty. Yes, sir—for printing this work, that eminent man was expelled from his ungrateful country, and driven to

establish his household gods even here at Monkbarns among the ruins of papal superstition and domination. Look upon his venerable effigies, Mr Lovel, and respect the honourable occupation in which it presents him, as labouring personally at the press for the diffusion of Christian and political knowledge—And see here his favourite motto, expressive of his independence and self-reliance, which scorned to owe any thing to patronage, that was not earned by desert—expressive also of that firmness of mind and tenacity of purpose, recommended by Horace. He was, indeed, a man who would have stood firm, had his whole printing-house, presses, fonts, forms, great and small pica, been shivered to pieces around him—Read, I say, his motto, for each printer had his motto, or device, when that illustrious art was first practised. My ancestor's was expressed as you see in the Teutonic phrase, KUNST MACHT GUNST—that is, skill, or prudence, in availing ourselves of our natural talents

and advantages, will compel favour and patronage, even where it is withheld, from prejudice, or ignorance."

"And that," said Lovel, after a moment's thoughtful silence, "that then is the meaning of these German words?"

"Unquestionably—you perceive the appropriate application to a consciousness of inward worth, and of eminence in an useful and honourable art. Each printer in these days, as I have already informed you, had his device, his impresa, as I may call it, in the same manner as the doughty chivalry of the age, who frequented tilt and tournament. My ancestor boasted as much in his, as if he had displayed it over a conquered field of battle, though it betokened the diffusion of knowledge, not the effusion of blood. And yet there is a family tradition which affirms him to have chosen it from a more romantic circumstance."

"And what is that said to have been, my good sir?"

"Why, it rather encroaches on my respected predecessor's fame for prudence and wisdom—*Sed semel insanivimus omnes* —every body has played the fool in their turn—it is said, my ancestor, during his apprenticeship with the descendant of old Fust, whom popular tradition hath sent to the devil, under the name of Faustus, was attracted by a paltry slip of womankind, —his master's daughter, called Bertha—They broke rings, or went through some idiotical ceremony, as is usual on such idle occasions as the plighting of a true-love troth, and Aldobrand set out on his journey through Germany, as became an honest *hand-werker*; for such was the custom of mechanics at that time, to make a tour through the empire, and work at their trade for a time in each of the most eminent towns, before they finally settled themselves for life. It was a wise custom; for, as such travellers were received like brethren in each town by those of their own handicraft, they were sure, in every

case, to have the means either of gaining or communicating knowledge. When my ancestor returned to Nuremburg, he is said to have found his old master newly dead, and two or three gallant young suitors, some of them half-starved sprigs of nobility forsooth, in pursuit of the *Yung-fraw* Bertha, whose father was understood to have bequeathed her a dowry which might weigh against sixteen armorial quarters. But Bertha, not a bad sample of womankind, had made a vow she would only marry that man who could work her father's press. The skill, at that time, was as rare as wonderful; besides that the expedient rid her at once of most of her *gentle* suitors, who would have as soon wielded a conjuring wand as a composing-stick—some of the more ordinary typographers made the attempt, but none were sufficiently possessed of the mystery—But I tire you."

"By no means; pray, proceed, Mr Oldbuck; I listen with uncommon interest."

"Ah! it is all folly—however—Aldobrand arrived in the ordinary dress, as we would say, of a journeyman printer—the same with which he had traversed Germany, and conversed with Luther, Melancthon, Erasmus, and other learned men, who disdained not his knowledge, and the power he possessed of diffusing it, though hid under a garb so homely. But what appeared respectable in the eyes of wisdom, religion, learning, and philosophy, seemed mean, as might readily be supposed, and disgusting, in those of silly and affected womankind, and Bertha refused to acknowledge her former lover in the torn doublet, skin cap, clouted shoes, and leathern apron of a travelling handicraftsman or mechanic. He claimed his privilege however of being admitted to a trial, and when the rest of the suitors had either declined the contest, or made such work as the devil could not read if his pardon depended on it, all eyes were bent on the stranger. Aldobrand stepped grace-

fully forward, arranged the types without omission of a single letter, hyphen, or comma, imposed them without deranging a single space, and pulled off the first proof as clear and free from errors as if it had been a triple revise! All applauded the worthy successor of the immortal Faustus—the blushing maiden acknowledged her error in trusting to the eye more than the intellect, and the elected bridegroom thenceforward chose for his impress or device the appropriate words, '*Skill wins favour.*'—But what is the matter with you?—you are in a brown study? Come, I told you this was but trumpery conversation for thinking people—and now I have my hand on the Ossianic controversy."

"I beg your pardon," said Lovel; "I am going to appear very silly and changeable in your eyes, Mr Oldbuck, but you seemed to think Sir Arthur might in civility expect a call from me?"

"Psha, psha, I can make your apology;

and if you must leave us so soon as you say, what signifies how you stand in his honour's good graces ?—And I warn you, that the Essay on Castrametation is something prolix, and will occupy the time we can spare after dinner, so you may lose the Ossianic controversy if we do not dedicate this morning to it—we will go out to my ever-green bower, my sacred holly-tree yonder, and have it *fronde super viridi.*

"Sing hey-ho! hey-ho! for the green holly,
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly."—

"But, egad," continued the old gentleman, "when I look closer at you, I begin to think you may be of a different opinion. Amen, with all my heart—I quarrel with no man's hobby, if he does not run it a tilt against mine, and if he does—let him beware his eyes—What say you?—in the language of the world and the worldlings base, if you can condescend to so mean a sphere, shall we stay or go?"

"In the language of selfishness then,

which is of course the language of the world—let us go by all means."

"Amen, amen, quo' the Earl Marshal," answered Oldbuck, as he exchanged his slippers for a pair of stout walking shoes with *cutikins*, as he called them, of black cloth. He only interrupted the walk by a slight deviation to the tomb of John o' the Girnell, remembered as the last bailiff of the abbey who had resided at Monkbarns. Beneath an old oak tree upon a hillock, sloping pleasantly to the south, and catching a distant view of the sea over two or three rich enclosures, and the Mussel-crag, lay a moss-grown stone, and, in memory of the departed worthy, it bore an inscription, of which, as Mr Oldbuck affirmed, (though many doubted) the defaced characters could be distinctly traced to the following effect:—

Heir lyeth Jōn o' ye Girnell,
Erth has ye nit and heuen ye kirnell.
In hys tyme ilk wyfe's hennis clokit,
Ilka gud mannis herth wi' bairnis was stokit,

He deled a boll o' bear in firlottis fyve,
Four for ye halie kirke and ane for pure mennis wyvis.

"You see how modest the author of this sepulchral commendation was—he tells us, that honest John could make five firlots, or quarters, as you would say, out of the boll, instead of four,—that he gave the fifth to the wives of the parish, and accounted for the other four to the abbot and chapter,—that in his time the wives' hens always laid eggs, and devil thank them, if they got one-fifth of the abbey rents; and that honest men's hearths were never unblessed with an offspring,—an addition to the miracle, which they, as well as I, must have considered as perfectly unaccountable. But come on—leave we Jock o' the Girnell, and let us jog on to the yellow sands, where the sea, like a repulsed enemy, is now retreating from the ground on which he gave us battle last night."

Thus saying, he led the way to the sands. Upon the links or downs close to them, were seen four or five huts inha-

bited by fishers, whose boats, drawn high upon the beach, lent the odoriferous vapours of pitch melting under a burning sun, to contend with those of the offals of fish and other nuisances usually collected round Scottish cottages. Undisturbed by these complicated steams of abomination, a middle-aged woman, with a face which had defied a thousand storms, sat mending a net at the door of one of the cottages. A handkerchief close bound about her head, and a coat, which had formerly been that of a man, gave her a masculine air, which was increased by her strength, uncommon stature, and harsh voice. "What are ye for the day, your honour?" she said, or rather screamed, to Oldbuck, "caller haddocks and whitings—a bannock-fluke and a cock-padle."

"How much for the bannock-fluke and cock-padle?" demanded the Antiquary.

"Four white shillings and saxpence," answered the Naiad.

"Four devils and six of their imps,"

retorted the Antiquary; "Do ye think I am mad, Maggie?"

"And div ye think," rejoined the virago, setting her arms a-kimbo, "that my man and my sons are to gae to the sea in weather like yestreen and the day—sic a sea as it's yet outbye—and get naething for their fish, and be misca'd into the bargain, Monkbarns? It's no fish ye're buying—it's men's lives."

"Well, Maggie, I'll bid you fair—I'll bid you a shilling for the fluke and the cock-padle, or sixpence separately—and if all your fish is as well paid, I think your man, as you call him, and your sons, will make a good voyage."

"De'il gin their boat were knockit against the Bell-Rock rather! it wad be better, and the bonnier voyage o' the twa. A shilling for thae twa bonny fish! Odd, that's ane indeed!"

"Well, well, you old beldam, carry your fish up to Monkbarns, and see what my sister will give you for them."

"Na, na, Monkbarns, de'il a fit—I'll rather deal wi' yoursel; for, though you're near aneugh, yet Miss Grizel has an unco close grip—I'll gie ye them (in a softened tone) for three-and-saxpence."

"Eighteen-pence, or nothing!"

"Eighteen-pence!!!" (in a loud tone of astonishment, which declined into a sort of rueful whine, when the dealer turned as if to walk away)—"Ye'll no be for the fish then?"—(then louder, as she saw him moving off)—"I'll gie them—and—and—and a half-a-dozen o' partans to make the sauce, for three shillings and a dram."

"Half-a-crown then, Maggie, and a dram."

"Aweel, your honour maun hae't your ain gate, nae doubt; but a dram's worth siller now—the distillery's no working."

"And I hope they'll never work again in my time," said Oldbuck.

"Aye, aye—it's easy for your honour, and the like o' you gentle folks, to say sae, that hae stouth and routh, and fire

and fending, and meat and claith, and sit dry and canny by the fire-side—But an' ye wanted fire, and meat and dry claise, and were deeing o' cauld, and had a sair heart, whilk is warst ava', wi' just tippence in your pouch, wadna ye be glad to buy a dram wi't, to be eilding and claise, and a supper and heart's ease into the bargain, till the morn's morning?"

"It's even too true an apology, Maggie. Is your goodman off to sea this morning, after his exertions last night?"

"In troth is he, Monkbarns; he was awa this morning by four o'clock, when the sea was working like barm wi' yestreen's wind, and our bit coble dancing in't like a cork."

"Well, he's an industrious fellow. Carry the fish up to Monkbarns."

"That I will—or I'll send little Jenny, she'll rin faster; but I'll ca' on Miss Grizzy for the dram mysel, and say ye sent me."

A nondescript animal, which might have passed for a mermaid, as it was pad-

dling in a pool among the rocks, was summoned ashore by the shrill screams of its dam; and having been made decent, as her mother called it, which was performed by adding a short red cloak to a petticoat, which was at first her sole covering, and which reached scantly below her knee, the child was dismissed with the fish in a basket, and a request, on the part of Monkbarns, that they might be prepared for dinner. "It would have been long," said Oldbuck with much self-complacency, "ere my womankind could have made such a reasonable bargain with that old skin-flint, though they sometimes wrangle with her for an hour together under my study window, like three sea-gulls screaming and sputtering in a gale of wind. But, come, wend we on our way to Knockwinnock."

CHAPTER XII.

Beggar?—the only freeman of your commonwealth;
Free above Scot-free, that observe no laws,
Obey no governor, use no religion
But what they draw from their own ancient custom,
Or constitute themselves, yet are no rebels.

BROME.

WITH our readers' permission, we will outstep the slow, though sturdy pace of the Antiquary, whose halts, as he turned round to his companion at every moment to point out something remarkable in the landscape, or to enforce some favourite topic more emphatically than the exercise of walking permitted, delayed their progress considerably.

Notwithstanding the fatigues and dangers of the preceding evening, Miss Wardour was able to rise at her usual hour,

and to apply herself to her usual occupations, after she had first satisfied her anxiety concerning her father's state of health. Sir Arthur was no farther indisposed than by the effect of great agitation and unusual fatigue, but these were sufficient to induce him to keep his bed-chamber.

To look back on the events of the preceding day, was, to Isabella, a very unpleasing retrospect. She owed her life, and that of her father, to the very person by whom, of all others, she wished least to be obliged, because she could hardly even express common gratitude towards him without encouraging hopes which might be injurious to them both. "Why should it be my fate to receive such benefits, and conferred at so much personal risk, from one whose romantic passion I have so unceasingly laboured to discourage? Why should chance have given him this advantage over me? and why, oh why, should a half-subdued feeling in my own bosom, in spite of my sober reason, almost rejoice that he has attained it?"

While Miss Wardour thus taxed herself with wayward caprice, she beheld advancing down the avenue, not her younger and more dreaded preserver, but the old beggar who had made such a capital figure in the melo-drama of the preceding evening.

She rung the bell for her maid-servant. "Bring the old man up stairs."

The servant returned in a minute or two—"He will come up at no rate, madam—he says his clouted shoes never were on a carpet in his life, and that, please God, they never shall—Must I take him into the servants' hall?"

"No; stay, I want to speak with him —Where is he?"—for she had lost sight of him as he approached the house.

"Sitting in the sun on the stone-bench in the court, beside the window of the flagged parlour."

"Bid him stay there—I'll come down to the parlour and speak with him at the window."

She came down accordingly, and found

the mendicant half seated half reclining upon the bench beside the window. Edie Ochiltree, old man and beggar as he was, had apparently some internal consciousness of the favourable impressions connected with his tall form, commanding features, and long white beard and hair. It used to be remarked of him, that he was seldom seen but in a posture which shewed these personal attributes to advantage. At present, as he lay half reclined, with his wrinkled yet ruddy cheek, and keen grey eye, turned up towards the sky, his staff and bag laid beside him, and a cast of homely wisdom and sarcastic irony in the expression of his countenance while he gazed for a moment around the court-yard, and then resumed his former look upward, he might have been taken by an artist as the model of an old philosopher of the Cynic school, musing upon the frivolity of mortal pursuits, and the precarious tenure of human possessions, and looking up to the source from

which aught permanently good could alone be derived. The young lady, as she presented her tall and elegant figure at the open window, but divided from the court-yard by a grating, with which, according to the fashion of ancient times, the lower windows of the castle were secured, gave an interest of a different kind, and might be supposed, by a romantic imagination, an imprisoned damsel communicating a tale of her durance to a palmer, in order that he might call upon the gallantry of every knight whom he should meet in his wanderings, to rescue her from her oppressive thraldom.

After Miss Wardour had offered, in the terms she thought would be most acceptable, those thanks which the beggar declined as far beyond his merit, she began to express herself in a manner which she supposed would speak more feelingly to his apprehension. "She did not know," she said, "what her father intended particularly to do for their preserver, but certain-

ly it would be something that would make him easy for life; if he chose to reside at the castle, she would give orders"——

The old man smiled, and shook his head. "I wad be baith a grievance and a disgrace to your fine servants, my leddy, and I have never been a disgrace to ony body yet that I ken of."

"Sir Arthur would give strict orders"—

"Ye're very kind—I doubt na, I doubt na; but there are some things a master can command, and some he canna—I dare say he wad gar them keep hands aff me—(and troth, I think they wad hardly venture on that ony gate)—and he wad gar them gie me my soup parridge and bit meat—But trow ye that Sir Arthur's command could forbid the gibe o' the tongue or the blink o' the e'e, or gar them gie me my food wi' the look o' kindness that gars it digest sae weel, or that he could make them forbear a' the slights and taunts that hurt ane's spirit mair nor downright misca'ing?—Besides, I am the idlest auld carle that ever lived; I downa be bound down

to hours o' eating and sleeping; and, to speak the honest truth, I wad be a very bad example in ony weel-regulated family."

"Well then, Edie, what do you think of a neat cottage and a garden, and a daily dole, and nothing to do but to dig a little in your garden when you pleased yourself?"

"And how often wad that be, trow ye my leddy? maybe no ance atween Candlemass and Yule—and if a' thing were done to my hand, as if I was Sir Arthur himsel, I could never bide the staying still in ae place, and just seeing the same joists and couples aboon my head night after night.—And then I have a queer humour o my ain, that sets a strolling beggar weel eneugh, whase word naebody minds—but ye ken Sir Arthur has odd sort o' ways—and I wad be jesting or scorning at them—and ye wad be angry, and then I wad be just fit to hang mysel."

"O, you are a licensed man—we shall give you all reasonable scope: So you

had better be ruled, and remember your age."

"But I am no that sair failed yet—Odd, ance I gat a wee soupled yestreen, I was as yauld as an eel—And then what wad a' the country about do for want o' auld Edie Ochiltree, that brings news and country cracks frae ae farm-steading to anither, and gingerbread to the lassies, and helps the lads to mend their fiddles, and the gudewives to clout their pans, and plaits rush-swords and grenadier caps for the weans, and busks the laird's flees, and has skill o' cow-ills and horse-ills, and kens mair auld sangs and tales than a' the barony besides, and gars ilka body laugh wherever he comes?—troth, my leddy, I canna lay down my vocation, it would be a public loss."

"Well, Edie, if your idea of your importance is so strong as not to be shaken by the prospect of independence"——

"Na, na, Miss—it's because I am mair independent as I am—I beg nae mair at ony

single house than a meal o' meat, or maybe but a mouthfou o't—if it's refused at ae place, I get it at anither—sae I canna be said to depend on onybody in particular, but just on the country at large."

"Well, then, only promise me that you will let me know should you ever wish to settle as you turn old, and more incapable of making your usual rounds; and, in the mean time, take this."

"Na, na, my leddy; I downa take mickle siller at anes, it's against our rule—and—though it's maybe no civil to be repeating the like o' that—they say that siller's like to be scarce wi' Sir Arthur himsel, and that he's run himsel out o' thought wi' his houkings and minings for lead and copper yonder."

Isabella had some anxious anticipations to the same effect, but was shocked to hear that her father's embarrassments were such public talk; as if scandal ever failed to stoop upon so acceptable a quarry, as the failings of the good man, the

decline of the powerful, or the decay of the prosperous.—Miss Wardour sighed deeply—"Well, Edie, we have enough to pay our debts, let folks say what they will, and requiting you is one of the foremost —let me press this sum upon you."

"That I might be robbed and murdered some night between town and town? or, what's as bad, that I might live in constant apprehension o't?—I am no—(lowering his voice to a whisper, and looking keenly around him)—I am no that clean unprovided for neither; and though I should die at the back of a dyke, they'll find as mickle quilted in this auld blue gown as will bury me like a Christian, and gie the lads and lasses a blythe lykewake too, sae there's the Gaberlunzie's burial provided for, and I need nae mair.—Were the like o' me ever to change a note, wha the de'il d'ye think wad ever be sic fules as to gie me charity after that?—it wad flee through the country like wild-fire,

that auld Edie suld hae done siccan a like thing, and then, I'se warrant, I might grane my heart out or ony body wad gie me either a bane or a bodle."

"Is there nothing then that I can do for you?"

"Ou aye—I'll aye come for my awmous as usual,—and whiles I wad be fain o' a pickle sneeshin, and ye maun speak to the constable and ground-officer just to owerlook me, and maybe ye'll gie a gude word for me to Sandie Netherstanes, the miller, that he may chain up his muckle dog—I wad na hae him to hurt the puir beast, for it just does its office in barking at a Gaberlunzie like me.—And there's ae thing maybe mair, but ye'll think it's very bauld o' the like o' me to speak o't."

"What is it, Edie?—if it respects you, it shall be done if it is in my power."

"It respects yoursel, and it is in your power, and I maun come out wi't—Ye are a bonny young leddy, and a gude ane,

and maybe a weel-tochered ane—but dinna ye sneer awa' the lad Lovel, as ye did awhile sinsyne on the walk beneath the Briery-bank, when I saw ye baith, and heard ye too, though ye saw na me—Be canna wi' the lad, for he loes ye weel, and it's to him, and no to ony thing I could have done for you, that Sir Arthur and you wan ower yestreen."

He uttered these words in a low but distinct tone of voice; and, without waiting for an answer, walked towards a low door which led to the apartments of the servants, and so entered the house.

Miss Wardour remained for a moment or two in the situation in which she had heard the old man's last extraordinary speech, leaning, namely, against the bars of the window, nor could she determine upon saying even a single word, relative to a subject so delicate, until the beggar was out of sight. It was, indeed, difficult to determine what to do. That her having had an interview and private conversation

with this young and unknown stranger, should be a secret possessed by a person of the last class in which a young lady would seek a confidant, and at the mercy of one who was by profession gossip-general to the whole neighbourhood, gave her acute agony. She had no reason, indeed, to suppose that the old man would wilfully do any thing to hurt her feelings, much less to injure her; but the mere freedom of speaking to her upon such a subject, shewed, as might have been expected, a total absence of delicacy; and what he might take it into his head to do or say next, *that* she was pretty sure so professed an admirer of liberty would not hesitate to do or say without scruple. This idea so much hurt and vexed her, that she half-wished the officious assistance of Lovel and Ochiltree had been absent upon the preceding evening.

While she was in this agitation of spirits, she suddenly observed Oldbuck and Lovel entering the court. She drew instantly

so far back from the window, that she could, without being seen, observe how the Antiquary paused in front of the building, and, pointing to the various scutcheons of its former owners, seemed in the act of bestowing upon Lovel much curious and erudite information, which, from the absent look of his auditor, Isabella might shrewdly guess was entirely thrown away. The necessity that she should take some resolution became instant and pressing—she rang, therefore, for a servant, and ordered him to show the visitors to the drawing-room, while she, by another staircase, gained her own apartment, to consider, ere she made her appearance, what line of conduct were fittest for her to pursue. The guests, agreeably to her instructions, were introduced into the room where company was usually received.

CHAPTER XIII.

——The time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love.
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure——
But do not look for further recompence.

As you like it.

Miss Isabella Wardour's complexion was considerably heightened, when, after the delay necessary to arrange her ideas, she presented herself in the drawing-room.

"I am glad you are come, my fair foe," said the Antiquary, greeting her with much kindness, "for I have had a most refractory, or at least negligent, auditor, in my young friend here, while I endeavoured to make him acquainted with the history of Knockwinnock castle. I think the danger

of last night has mazed the poor lad. But you, Miss Isabel, why, you look as if flying through the night air had been your natural and most congenial occupation. Your colour is even better than when you honoured my *hospitium* yesterday—And Sir Arthur—how fares my good old friend?"

"Indifferently well, Mr Oldbuck; but, I am afraid, not quite able to receive your congratulations, or to pay—to pay—Mr Lovel his thanks for his unparalleled exertions."

"I dare say not—A good down pillow for his good white head were more meet than a couch so churlish at Bessie's Apron, plague on her!"

"I had no thought of intruding," said Lovel, looking upon the ground, and speaking with hesitation and suppressed emotion; "I did not—did not mean to intrude upon Sir Arthur or Miss Wardour the presence of one who—who must necessarily be unwelcome—as associated, I mean, with painful reflections."

"Do not think my father so unjust and ungrateful," said Miss Wardour. "I dare say," she continued, participating in Lovel's embarrassment—"I dare say—I am certain—that my father would be happy to shew his gratitude—in any way—that is, which Mr Lovel could consider it as proper to point out."

"Why, the deuce," interrupted Oldbuck, "what sort of a qualification is that?—On my word, it reminds me of our minister, who chusing, like a formal old fop as he is, to drink to my sister's inclinations, thought it necessary to add the saving clause, Provided, madam, they be virtuous. Come, let us have no more of this nonsense—I dare say Sir Arthur will bid us welcome upon some future day. And what news from the kingdom of subterranean darkness and airy hope?—what says the swart spirit of the mine?—has Sir Arthur had any good intelligence of his adventure lately in Glen-Withershins?"

Miss Wardour shook her head—"But

indifferent, I fear, Mr Oldbuck; but there lie some specimens which have lately been sent down."

"Ah! my poor dear hundred pound, which Sir Arthur persuaded me to give for a share in that hopeful scheme, would have bought a porter's load of mineralogy —but let me see them."

And so saying, he sat down at the table in the recess on which the mineral productions were lying, and proceeded to examine them, grumbling and pshawing at each, which he took up and laid aside.

In the mean time, Lovel, forced as it were by this secession of Oldbuck, into a sort of tête-a-tête with Miss Wardour, took an opportunity of addressing her in a low and interrupted tone of voice. "I trust Miss Wardour will impute, to circumstances almost irresistible, this intrusion of a person who has reason to think himself—so unacceptable a visitor."

"Mr Lovel," answered Miss Wardour, observing the same tone of caution, "I

trust you will not—I am sure you are incapable of abusing the advantages given to you by the services you have rendered us, which, as they affect my father, can never be sufficiently acknowledged or repaid.—Could Mr Lovel see me without his own peace being affected—could he see me as a friend—as a sister—no man will be—and, from all I have ever heard of Mr Lovel, ought to be more welcome; but"——

Oldbuck's anathema against the preposition *but* was internally echoed by Lovel—"Forgive me, if I interrupt you, Miss Wardour—you need not fear my intruding upon a subject where I have been already severely repressed—but do not add to the severity of repelling my sentiments the rigour of compelling me to disavow them."

"I am much embarrassed, Mr Lovel, by your—I would not willingly use a strong word—your romantic and hopeless pertinacity—it is for yourself I plead, that you would consider the calls which your

country has upon your talents, that you will not waste, in an idle and fanciful indulgence of an ill-placed predilection, time, which, well redeemed by active exertion, should lay the foundation of future distinction—let me intreat that you would form a manly resolution"——

" It is enough, Miss Wardour; I see plainly that"——

" Mr Lovel, you are hurt—and, believe me, I sympathize in the pain which I inflict—but can I, in justice to myself, in fairness to you, do otherwise?—Without my father's consent, I never will entertain an application from any one, and how totally impossible it is that he could countenance the partiality with which you honour me, you are yourself fully aware—and indeed"——

" No, Miss Wardour; do not go further—is it not enough to crush every hope in our present relative situation?—do not carry your resolutions further—why urge

what would be your conduct if Sir Arthur's objections could be removed?"

"It is indeed vain, Mr Lovel, because their removal is impossible; and I only wish, as your friend, and as one who is obliged to you for her own and her father's life, to intreat you to suppress this unfortunate attachment—to leave a country which affords no scope for your talents, and to resume the honourable line of the profession which you seem to have abandoned."

"Well, Miss Wardour, your wishes shall be obeyed—have patience with me one little month, and if, in the course of that space, I cannot shew you such reasons for continuing my residence at Fairport, as even you shall approve of, I will bid adieu to its vicinity, and, with the same breath, to all my hopes of happiness."

"Not so, Mr Lovel; many years of deserved happiness, founded on a more

rational basis than your present wishes, are, I trust, before you—but it is full time to finish this conversation.—I cannot force you to adopt my advice—I cannot shut the door of my father's house against the preserver of his life and mine—but the sooner Mr Lovel can teach his mind to submit to the inevitable disappointment of wishes which have been so rashly formed, the more highly he will rise in my esteem—and, in the meanwhile, for his sake as well as mine, he must excuse my putting an interdict upon conversation on a subject so painful."

A servant at this moment announced, that Sir Arthur desired to speak with Mr Oldbuck in his dressing-room.

"Let me shew you the way," said Miss Wardour, who apparently dreaded a continuation of her tête-a-tête with Lovel, and she conducted the Antiquary accordingly to her father's apartment.

Sir Arthur, his legs swathed in flannel, was stretched on the couch. "Welcome,

Mr Oldbuck," he said; "I trust you have come better off than I have done from the inclemency of yesterday evening?"

"Truly, Sir Arthur, I was not so much exposed to it—I kept *terra firma*—you fairly committed yourself to the cold night-air in the most literal of all senses. But such adventures become a gallant knight better than a humble esquire—To rise on the wings of the night-wind—to dive into the bowels of the earth—What news from our subterranean Good Hope? the *terra incognita* of Glen-Withershins?"

"Nothing good as yet," said the baronet, turning himself hastily as if stung by a pang of the gout; but Dousterswivel does not despair."

"Does he not?" quoth Oldbuck, "I do, though, under his favour—Why, old Dr H——n told me, when I was in Edinburgh, that we would never find copper enough, judging from the specimens I shewed him, to make a pair of sixpenny knee-buckles—and I cannot see that those

samples on the table below differ much in quality."

"The learned doctor is not infallible, I presume?"

"No; but he is one of our first chemists; and this tramping philosopher of yours—this Dousterswivel, is, I have a notion, one of those learned adventurers described by Kircher, *Artem habent sine arte, partem sine parte, quorum medium est mentiri, vita eorum mendicatum ire;* that is to say, Miss Wardour"——

"It is unnecessary to translate," said Miss Wardour; "I comprehend your general meaning—but I hope Mr Dousterswivel will turn out a more trust-worthy character."

"I doubt it not a little," said the Antiquary, "and we are a foul way out if we cannot discover this infernal vein that he has prophesied about these two years."

"*You* have no great interest in the matter, Mr Oldbuck," said the baronet.

"Too much, too much, Sir Arthur—and yet, for the sake of my fair foe here, I would consent to lose it all so you had no more on the venture."

There was a painful silence of a few moments, for Sir Arthur was too proud to acknowledge the downfall of his golden dreams, though he could no longer disguise to himself that such was likely to be the termination of the adventure. "I understand," he at length said, "that the young gentleman, to whose gallantry and presence of mind we were so much indebted last night, has favoured me with a visit—I am distressed that I am unable to see him, or indeed any one, but an old friend like you, Mr Oldbuck."

A declination of the Antiquary's stiff backbone acknowledged the preference.

"You made acquaintance with this young gentleman in Edinburgh, I suppose?"

Oldbuck told the circumstances of their becoming known to each other.

" Why, then my daughter is an older acquaintance of Mr Lovel than you are."

" Indeed! I was not aware of that."

" I met Mr Lovel," said Isabella, slightly colouring, " when I resided this last spring with my aunt, Mrs Wilmot."

" In Yorkshire?—and what character did he bear then, or how was he engaged?" said Oldbuck,—" and why did not you recognise him when I introduced you?"

Isabella answered the least difficult question, and passed over the other. " He had a commission in the army, and had, I believe, served with reputation; he was much respected, as an amiable and promising young man."

" And pray, such being the case, why did you not speak to the lad at once when you met him at my house?—I thought you had less of the paltry pride of womankind about you, Miss Wardour."

" There was a reason for it," said Sir Arthur with dignity; " you know the opinions—prejudices, perhaps, you will

call them—of our house concerning purity of birth; this young gentleman is, it seems, the illegitimate son of a man of fortune; my daughter did not chuse to renew their acquaintance till she should know whether I approved of her holding any intercourse with him."

"If it had been with his mother instead of himself, I could see an excellent reason for it. Ah, poor lad! that was the cause then that he seemed so absent and confused while I explained to him the reason of the bend of bastardy upon the shield yonder under the corner turret!"

"True," said the baronet with complacency, "it is the shield of Malcolm the Usurper, as he is called. The tower which he built is termed, after him, Malcolm's Tower, but more frequently Misticot's Tower, which I conceive to be a corruption for *Misbegot*. He is denominated, in the Latin pedigree of our family, *Milcolumbus Nothus*, and his temporary seizure of our property, and most unjust attempt to

establish his own illegitimate line in the estate of Knockwinnock, gave rise to such family feuds and misfortunes, as strongly to found us in that horror and antipathy to defiled blood and illegitimacy, which has been handed down to me from my respected ancestry."

"I know the story," said Oldbuck, "and I was telling it to Lovel this moment, with some of the wise maxims and consequences which it has engrafted on your family politics. Poor fellow! he must have been much hurt; I took the wavering of his attention for negligence, and was something piqued at it, and it proves to be only an excess of feeling. I hope, Sir Arthur, you will not think less of your life, because it has been preserved by such assistance?"

"Nor the less of my assistant either," said the baronet; "my doors and table shall be equally open to him as if he had descended of the most unblemished lineage."

"Come, I am glad of that—he'll know

where he can get a dinner then if he wants one. But what views can he have in this neighbourhood?—I must catechise him; and if I find he wants it—or, indeed, whether he does or not—he shall have my best advice." As the Antiquary made this liberal promise, he took his leave of Miss Wardour and her father, eager to commence operations upon Mr Lovel. He informed him abruptly that Miss Wardour sent her compliments, and remained in attendance on her father, and then taking him by the arm, he led him out of the castle.

Knockwinnock still preserved much of the external attributes of a baronial castle. It had its draw-bridge, though now never drawn up, and its dry moat, the sides of which had been planted with shrubs, chiefly of the evergreen tribes. Above these rose the old building, partly from a foundation of red rock scarped down to the sea-beach, and partly from the steep green verge of the moat. The trees of the ave-

nue have been already mentioned, and many others rose around of large size, as if to confute the prejudice, that timber cannot be raised near to the ocean. Our walkers paused, and looked back upon the castle, as they attained the height of a small knoll, over which lay their homeward road, for it is to be supposed they did not tempt the risk of the tide by returning along the sands. The building flung its broad shadow upon the tufted foliage of the shrubs beneath it, while the front windows sparkled in the sun. They were viewed by the gazers with very different feelings. Lovel, with the fond eagerness of that passion which derives its food and nourishment from trifles, as the cameleon is said to live upon the air, or upon the invisible insects which it contains, endeavoured to conjecture which of the numerous windows belonged to the apartment now graced by Miss Wardour's presence. The speculations of the Antiquary were of a more melancholy cast, and

were partly indicated by the ejaculation of *cito peritura!* as he turned away from the prospect. Lovel, roused from his reverie, looked at him as if to enquire the meaning of an exclamation so ominous. The old man shook his head. "Yes, my young friend," said he, "I doubt greatly—and it wrings my heart to say it—this ancient family is going fast to the ground!"

"Indeed!" answered Lovel—"You surprise me greatly"——

"We harden ourselves in vain," continued the Antiquary, pursuing his own train of thought and feeling—"We harden ourselves in vain to treat with the indifference they deserve the changes of this trumpery whirligig world—We strive ineffectually to be the self-sufficing invulnerable being, the *teres atque rotundus* of the poet—the stoical exemption which philosophy affects to give us over the pains and vexations of human life, is as imaginary as the state of mystical quiet-

ism and perfection aimed at by some crazy enthusiasts."

"And Heaven forbid that it should be otherwise!" said Lovel warmly—"Heaven forbid that any process of philosophy were capable so to sear and indurate our feelings, that nothing should agitate them but what arose instantly and immediately out of our own selfish interests!—I would as soon wish my hand to be as callous as horn, that it might escape an occasional cut or scratch, as I would be ambitious of the stoicism which should render my heart like a piece of the nether mill-stone."

The Antiquary looked at his youthful companion with a look half of pity, half of sympathy, and shrugged his shoulders as he replied, "Wait, young man,—wait till your bark has been battered by the storm of sixty years of mortal vicissitude —you will learn by that time to reef your sails, that she may obey the helm—or, in the language of this world, you will find

distresses enough, endured and to endure, to keep your feelings and sympathies in full exercise, without concerning yourself more in the fate of others than you cannot possibly avoid."

"Well, Mr Oldbuck, it may be so; but as yet I resemble you more in your practice than in your theory, for I cannot help being deeply interested in the fate of the family we have just left."

"And well you may," replied Oldbuck; "Sir Arthur's embarrassments have of late become so many and so pressing, that I am surprised you have not heard of them—And then his absurd and expensive operations carried on by this High German landlouper Dousterswivel"——

"I think I have seen that person, when, by some rare chance, I happened to be in the coffee-room at Fairport—a tall, beetle-browed, awkward-built man, who entered upon scientific subjects, as it appeared to my ignorance at least, with more assurance

than knowledge, was very arbitrary in laying down and asserting his opinions, and mixed the terms of science with a strange jargon of mysticism; a simple youth whispered me that he was an *Illuminé*, and carried on an intercourse with the invisible world."

"O the same—the same—he has enough of practical knowledge to speak scholarly and wisely to those of whose intelligence he stands in awe; and, to say the truth, this faculty, joined to his matchless impudence, imposed upon me for some time when I first knew him. But I have since understood, that when he is among fools and womankind, he exhibits himself as a perfect charlatan—talks of the *magisterium*—of sympathies and antipathies—of the cabala—of the divining rod—and all the trumpery with which the Rosycrucians cheated a darker age, and which, to our eternal disgrace, has in some degree revived in our own. My friend Heavystern knew this

fellow abroad, and unintentionally (for he, you must know, is, God bless the mark, a sort of believer) let me into a good deal of his real character. Ah! were I caliph for a day, as honest Abon Hassan wished to be, I would scourge me these jugglers out of the commonwealth with rods of scorpions—They debauch the spirit of the ignorant and credulous with mystical trash as effectually as if they had besotted their brains with gin, and then pick their pockets with the same facility. And now has this strolling blackguard and mountebank put the finishing blow to the ruin of an ancient and honourable family!"

"But how could he impose upon Sir Arthur to any ruinous extent?"

"Why, I don't know—Sir Arthur is a good honourable man—but, as you may see from his loose ideas concerning the Pikish language, he is by no means very strong in the understanding. His estate is strictly entailed, and he has been always an em-

barrassed man. This rapparee promised mountains of wealth, and an English company was found to advance large sums of money—I fear on Sir Arthur's guarantee. Some gentlemen—I was ass enough to be one—took small shares in the concern, and Sir Arthur himself made great outlay; we were trained on by specious appearances, and more specious lies, and now, like John Bunyan, we awake, and behold it is a dream."

"I am surprised that you, Mr Oldbuck, should have encouraged Sir Arthur by your example."

"Why," said Oldbuck, dropping his large grizzled eye-brows, "I am something surprised and ashamed at it myself; it was not the lucre of gain—nobody cares less for money (to be a prudent man) than I do—but I thought I might risk this small sum. It will be expected (though I am sure I cannot see why) that I should give something to any one who will be kind enough to rid me of that slip of woman-

kind, my niece, Mary M'Intyre; and perhaps it may be thought I should do something to get that jackanapes, her brother, on in the army. In either case, to treble my venture would have helped me out. And, besides, I had some idea that the Phœnicians had in former times wrought copper in that very spot. That cunning scoundrel, Dousterswivel, found out my blunt side, and brought strange tales (d—n him) of appearances of old shafts, and vestiges of mining operations, conducted in a manner quite different from those of modern times; and I—in short, I was a fool, and there is an end. My loss is not much worth speaking about; but Sir Arthur's engagements are, I understand, very deep, and my heart aches for him, and the poor young lady who must share his distress."

Here the conversation paused, until renewed in the next chapter.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAPTER XIV.

If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,
And all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

Romeo and Juliet

THE account of Sir Arthur's unhappy adventure had led Oldbuck somewhat aside from his purpose of catechising Lovel concerning the cause of his residence at Fairport. He was now, however, resolved to open the subject. "Miss Wardour was formerly known to you, she tells me, Mr Lovel?"

"He had had the pleasure," Lovel answered, "to see her at Mrs Wilmot's, in Yorkshire."

"Indeed! you never mentioned that to me before, and you did not accost her as an old acquaintance."

"I—I did not know it was the same lady till we met, and then it was my duty to wait till she recognised me."

"I am aware of your delicacy; the knight's a punctilious old fool, but I promise you his daughter is above all nonsensical ceremony and prejudice. And now, since you have found a new set of friends here, may I ask if you intend to leave Fairport as soon as you proposed?"

"What if I should answer your question by another," replied Lovel, "and ask you what is your opinion of dreams?"

"Of dreams, you foolish lad!—why, what should I think of them but as the deceptions of imagination when Reason drops the reins?—I know no difference betwixt them and the hallucinations of madness—the unguided horses run away with the carriage in both cases, only in the one the coachman is drunk, and in the

other he slumbers. What says our Marcus Tully—*Si insanorum visis, fides non est habenda, cur credatur somnientium visis, quæ multo etiam perturbatiora sunt, non intelligo.*"

"Yes, sir, but Cicero also tells us, that as he who passes the whole day in darting the javelin must sometimes hit the mark, so, amid the crowd of nightly dreams, some may occur consonant to future events."

"Aye—that is to say, *you* have hit the mark in your own sage opinion? Lord! Lord! how this world is given to folly! Well, I will allow for once the Oneirocritical science—I will give faith to the exposition of dreams, and say a Daniel hath arisen to interpret them, if you can prove to me that that dream of yours has pointed out to a prudent line of conduct."

"Tell me then," answered Lovel, "why, when I was hesitating whether to abandon an enterprize, which I have perhaps rashly undertaken, I should last night dream I saw

your ancestor pointing to a motto which encouraged me to perseverance?—Why should I have thought of those words which I cannot remember to have heard before, which are in a language unknown to me, and which yet conveyed, when translated, a lesson which I could so plainly apply to my own circumstances?"

The Antiquary burst into a fit of laughing. "Excuse me, my young friend, but it is thus we silly mortals deceive ourselves, and look out of doors for motives which originate in our own wilful will. I think I can help out the cause of your vision. You were so abstracted in your contemplations yesterday after dinner, as to pay little attention to the discourse between Sir Arthur and me, until we fell upon the controversy concerning the Piks, which terminated so abruptly; but I remember producing to Sir Arthur a book printed by my ancestor, and making him observe the motto; your mind was bent elsewhere, but your ear had mechanically

received and retained the sounds, and your busy fancy, stirred by Grizel's legend, I presume, had introduced this scrap of German into your dream. As for the waking wisdom which seized on so frivolous a circumstance as an apology for persevering in some course which it could find no better reason to justify, it is exactly one of those juggling tricks which the sagest of us play off now and then, to gratify our inclination at the expence of our understanding."

"I own it," said Lovel, blushing deeply—"I believe you are right, Mr Oldbuck, and I ought to sink in your esteem for attaching a moment's consequence to such a frivolity; but I was tossed by contradictory wishes and resolutions, and you know how slight a line will tow a boat when afloat on the billows, though a cable would hardly move her when pulled up on the beach."

"Right, right—fall in my opinion?—

not a whit—I love thee the better, man—why, we have story for story against each other, and I can think with less shame on having exposed myself about that cursed Prætorium—though I am still convinced Agricola's camp must have been somewhere in this neighbourhood—And now, Lovel, my good lad, be sincere with me—What make you from Wittenberg?—Why have you left your own country and professional pursuits, for an idle residence in such a place as Fairport?—A truant disposition, I fear."

"Even so—yet I am so detached from all the world, have so few in whom I am interested, or who are interested in me, that my very state of destitution gives me independence. He, whose good or evil fortune affects himself alone, has the best right to pursue it, according to his own fancy."

"Pardon me, young man," said Oldbuck, laying his hand kindly on his shoulder, and making a full halt—"*suflamina*—

a little patience if you please—I will suppose that you have no friends to share, or rejoice, in your success in life, that you cannot look back to those to whom you owe gratitude, or forward to those to whom you ought to afford protection—but it is no less incumbent on you to move steadily in the path of duty—for your active exertions are due not only to society, but in humble gratitude to the Being who made you a member of it, with powers to serve yourself and others."

"But I am unconscious of possessing such powers," said Lovel, somewhat impatiently; "I ask nothing of society but the permission of walking innoxiously through the path of life without jostling others, or permitting myself to be jostled—I owe no man any thing—I have the means of maintaining myself with complete independence, and so moderate are my wishes in this respect, that even these means, however limited, rather exceed than fall short of them."

"Nay, then," said Oldbuck, removing his hand, and turning again to the road; "if you are so true a philosopher as to think you have money enough, there's no more to be said—I cannot pretend to be entitled to advise you—you have attained the *acmé*—the summit of perfection. And how came Fairport to be the selected abode of so much self-denying philosophy? —it is as if a worshipper of the true religion had set up his staff by choice among the multifarious idolaters of the land of Egypt. There is not a man in Fairport who is not a devoted worshipper of the Golden Calf—the Mammon of unrighteousness—why, even I, man, am so infected by the bad neighbourhood, that I feel inclined occasionally to become an idolater myself."

"My principal amusements being literary,," answered Lovel, "and circumstances which I cannot mention having induced me, for a time at least, to relinquish the military service, I have pitched on Fair-

port as a place where I might follow my pursuits without any of those temptations to society, which a more elegant circle might have presented to me."

"Aha!—I begin to understand your application of my ancestor's motto—you are a candidate for public favour, though not in the way I first suspected,—you are ambitious to shine as a literary character, and you hope to merit favour by labour and perseverance."

Lovel, who was rather closely pressed by the inquisitiveness of the old gentleman, concluded it would be best to let him remain in the error which he had gratuitously adopted.

"I have been at times foolish enough," he replied, "to nourish some thoughts of the kind."

"Ah, poor fellow! nothing can be more melancholy; unless, as young men sometimes do, you had fancied yourself in love with some trumpery specimen of womankind, which is, indeed, as Shakspeare tru-

ly says, pressing to death, whipping and hanging, all at once."

He then proceeded with enquiries, which he was sometimes kind enough to answer himself. For this good old gentleman had, from his antiquarian researches, acquired a delight in building theories out of premises which were often far from affording sufficient ground for them; and being, as the reader must have remarked, sufficiently opinionative, he did not readily brook being corrected, either in matter of fact or opinion, even by those who were principally interested in the subjects on which he speculated. He went on, therefore, chalking out Lovel's literary career for him.

"And with what do you propose to commence your debut as a man of letters? —but I guess—poetry—poetry—the soft seducer of youth. Yes! there is an acknowledging modesty of confusion in your eye and manners:—And where lies your vein?—Are you inclined to soar to the

higher regions of Parnassus, or to flutter around the base of the hill?"

"I have hitherto attempted only a few lyrical pieces."

"Just as I supposed—pruning your wing and hopping from spray to spray. But I trust you intend a bolder flight—Observe, I would by no means recommend your persevering in this unprofitable pursuit—but you say you are quite independent of the public caprice?"

"Entirely so," replied Lovel.

"And that you are determined not to adopt a more active course of life?"

"For the present, such is my resolution," replied the young man.

"Why, then, it only remains for me to give you my best advice and assistance in the object of your pursuit. I have myself published two essays in the Antiquarian Repository—and therefore am an author of experience. There was my Remarks on Hearne's edition of Robert of Gloucester, signed *Scrutator*; and the other signed

Indagator, upon a passage in Tacitus—I might add, what attracted considerable notice at the time, and that is my paper in the Gentleman's Magazine, upon the inscription of Œlia Lelia, which I subscribed Œdipus—So you see I am not an apprentice in the mysteries of author-craft, and must necessarily understand the taste and temper of the times.—And now once more, what do you intend to commence with?"

"I have no instant thoughts of publishing."

"Ah! that will never do, you must have the fear of the public before your eyes in all your undertakings. Let us see now—A collection of fugitive pieces—but no—your fugitive poetry is apt to become stationary with the bookseller.—It should be something at once solid and attractive—none of your romances or anomalous novelties—I would have you take high ground at once—Let me see—What think you of a real epic?—the grand old-fashioned historical poem which moved through

twelve or twenty-four books—we'll have it so—I'll supply you with a subject—The battle between the Caledonians and Romans—The Caledoniad; or, Invasion Repelled—Let that be the title—It will suit the present taste, and you may throw in a touch of the times."

"But the invasion of Agricola was *not* repelled."

"No; but you are a poet—free of the corporation, and as little bound down to truth or probability as Virgil himself—You may defeat the Romans in spite of Tacitus."

"And pitch Agricola's camp at the Kaim of—what do you call it, in defiance of Edie Ochiltree?"

"No more of that an thou lovest me—And yet, I dare say, ye may unwittingly speak most correct truth in both instances, in despite of the *toga* of the historian, and the blue gown of the mendicant."

"Gallantly counselled—Well, I will do

my best—your kindness will assist me with local information."

"Will I not, man?—why, I will write the critical and historical notes on each canto, and draw out the plan of the story myself. I pretend to some poetical genius, Mr Lovel, only I was never able to write verses."

"It is a pity, sir, that you should have failed in a qualification somewhat essential to the art."

"Essential?—not a whit—it is the mere mechanical department—A man may be a poet without measuring spondees and dactyls like the ancients, or clashing the ends of lines into rhyme like the moderns, as one may be an architect though unable to labour like a stone-mason—Dost think Palladio or Vitruvius ever carried a hod?"

"In that case, there should be two authors to each poem; one to think and plan, another to execute."

"Why, it would not be amiss; at any

rate, we'll make the experiment—not that I would wish to give my name to the public—assistance from a learned friend might be acknowledged in the preface after what flourish your nature will—I am a total stranger to authorial vanity."

Lovel was much entertained by a disclamation not very consistent with the eagerness wherewith his friend seemed to catch at an opportunity of coming before the public, though in a manner which rather resembled stepping up behind a carriage than getting into one. The Antiquary was, indeed, uncommonly delighted; for, like many other men who spend their lives in obscure literary research, he had a secret ambition to appear in print, which was checked by cold fits of diffidence, fear of criticism, and habits of indolence and procrastination. "But," thought he, "I may, like a second Teucer, discharge my shafts from behind the shield of my ally; and admit that he should not prove to be a first-rate poet, I am in no shape

answerable for his deficiencies, and the good notes may very probably help off an indifferent text.—But he is—he must be a good poet—he has the real Parnassian abstraction—seldom answers a question till it is twice repeated—drinks his tea scalding, and eats without knowing what he is putting into his mouth. This is the real *œstus*, the *awen* of the Welch bards, the *divinus afflatus* that transports the poet beyond the limits of sublunary things—His versions, too, are very symptomatical of poetic fury—I must recollect to send Caxon to see he puts out his candle to-night—poets and visionaries are apt to be negligent in that respect."—Then, turning to his companion, he expressed himself aloud in continuation.

"Yes, my dear Lovel, you shall have full notes; and, indeed, I think we may introduce the whole of the Essay on Castrametation into the appendix—it will give great value to the work. Then we will revive the good old forms so disgrace-

fully neglected in modern times.—You shall invoke the Muse—and certainly she ought to be propitious to an author, who, in an apostatizing age, adheres with the faith of Abdiel to the ancient form of adoration—Then we must have a vision—in which the genius of Caledonia shall appear to Galgacus, and shew him a procession of the real Scottish monarchs—and in the notes I will have a hit at Boethius—no; I must not touch that topic, now that Sir Arthur is like to have vexation enough besides—but I'll annihilate Ossian, Macpherson, and Mac-Cribb."

"But we must consider the expence of publication," said Lovel, willing to try whether this hint would fall like cold water on the blazing zeal of his self-elected coadjutor.

"Expence!" said Mr Oldbuck, pausing, and mechanically fumbling in his pocket—"that is true—I would wish to do something—But you would not like to publish by subscription?"

"By no means," answered Lovel.

"No, no!" gladly acquiesced the Antiquary. "It is not respectable.—I'll tell you what; I believe I know a bookseller who has a value for my opinion, and will risk print and paper, and I will get as many copies sold for you as I can."

"O, I am no mercenary author; I only wish to be out of risk of loss."

"Hush! hush!—we'll take care of that—throw it all on the publishers. I do long to see your labours commenced. You will chuse blank verse, doubtless?—it is more grand and magnificent for a historical subject; and, what concerneth you, my friend, it is, I have an idea, more easily written."

This conversation brought them to Monkbarns, where the Antiquary had to undergo a chiding from his sister, who, though no philosopher, was waiting to deliver a lecture to him in the portico. "Guide us, Monkbarns, are things no dear aneugh already, but ye maun be raising the very fish

on us, by giving that randy, Luckie Mucklebackit, just what she likes to ask?"

"Why, Grizel, I thought I made a very fair bargain."

"A fair bargain! when ye gied the limmer a full half o' what she seekit!—An ye will be a wife-carle, and buy fish at your ain hands, ye suld never bid mickle mair than a quarter. And the impudent quean had the assurance to come up and seek a dram—But I trow, Jenny and I sorted her!"

"Truly," said Oldbuck (with a sly look) to his companion, "I think our estate was gracious that kept us out of hearing of that controversy.—Well, well, Grizel, I was wrang for ance in my life—*ultra crepidam*—I fairly admit. But hang expences—care killed a cat—we'll eat the fish, cost what it will. And then, Lovel, you must know I pressed you to stay here to-day, the rather because our cheer will be better than usual, yesterday having been a gaudé-day

—I love the reversion of a feast better than the feast itself. I delight in the *analecta*, the *collectanea*, as I may call them, of the preceding day's dinner, which appear on such occasions—And see, there is Jenny going to ring the dinner-bell."

CHAPTER XV

"Be this letter delivered with haste—haste—post-haste!—
Ride, villain, ride,—for thy life—for thy life—for thy life!"
Ancient Indorsation of Letters of Importance.

LEAVING Mr Oldbuck and his friend to enjoy their hard bargain of fish, we beg leave to transport the reader to the back-parlour of the postmaster's house at Fairport, where his wife, he himself being absent, was employed in assorting for delivery the letters which had come by the Edinburgh post. This is very often in country towns the period of the day when gossips find it particularly agreeable to call on the man or woman of letters, in order, from the outside of the epistles,

and, if they are not belied, occasionally from the inside also, to amuse themselves with gleaning information, or forming conjectures about the correspondence and affairs of their neighbours. Two females of this description were, at the time we mention, assisting, or impeding, Mrs Mailsetter in her official duty.

" Preserve us, sirs," said the butcher's wife; " there's ten, eleven—twal letters to Tennant & Co.—thae folk do mair business than a' the rest o' the burgh."

" Aye; but see, lass," answered the baker's lady, " there's twa o' them faulded unco square, and sealed at the tae side—I doubt there will be protested bills in them."

" Is there ony letters come yet for Jenny Caxon?—the lieutenant's been awa' three weeks."

" Just ane, on Tuesday was a week."

" Was't a ship-letter?"

" In troth was't."

"It wad be frae the lieutenant then—I never thought he wad hae lookit ower his shouther after her."

"Odd, here's another," quoth Mrs Mailsetter. "A ship-letter—post-mark, Sunderland."—All rushed to seize it.—"Na, na, leddies," said Mrs Mailsetter, "I hae had aneugh o' that wark—Ken ye that Mr Mailsetter got an unco rebuke frae the secretary at Edinburgh, for a complaint that was made about the letter of Aily Bisset's that you opened, Mrs Shortcake?"

"Me opened!" answered the spouse of the chief baker of Fairport; "ye ken yoursel, madam, it just cam open o' free will in my hand—What could I help it?—folk suld seal wi' better wax."

"Weel I wot that's true, too," said Mrs Mailsetter, who kept a shop of small wares, "and we have got some that I can honestly recommend, if ye ken ony body wanting it. But the short and the lang o't is, that we'll lose the place gin there's ony mair complaints o' the kind."

"Hout, lass; the provost will take care o' that."

"Na, na; I'll neither trust to provost nor baillie—but I wad aye be obliging and neighbourly, and I'm no again your looking at the outside of a letter neither—See, the seal has an anchor on't—he's done't wi' ane o' his buttons I'm thinking."

"Shew me! shew me!" quoth the wives of the chief butcher and chief baker; and threw themselves on the supposed love-letter, like the weird sisters in Macbeth upon the pilot's thumb, with curiosity as eager and scarcely less malignant. Mrs Heukbane was a tall woman, she held the epistle up between her eyes and the window. Mrs Shortcake, a little squat personage, strained and stood a tiptoe to have her share of the investigation.

"It's frae him, sure aneugh—I can read Richard Taffril on the corner, and it's written, like John Tamson's wallet, frae end to end."

"Haud it lower down, madam," exclaimed Mrs Shortcake, in a tone above the prudential whisper which their occupation required—"haud it lower down—Div ye think naebody can read hand o' writ but yoursel?"

"Whisht, whisht, sirs, for God's sake!" said Mrs Mailsetter, "there's somebody in the shop,"—then aloud—"Look to the customers, Baby?"

Baby answered from without in a shrill tone—"It's naebody but Jenny Caxon, ma'am, to see if there's ony letters to her."

"Tell her," said the faithful postmistress, winking to her compeers, "to come back the morn at ten o'clock, and I'll let her ken—we have na had time to sort the mail letters yet—she's aye in sic a hurry, as if her letters were o' mair consequence than the best merchant's o' the town."

Poor Jenny, a girl of uncommon beauty and modesty, could only draw her cloak about her to hide the sigh of disappoint-

ment, and return meekly home to endure for another night the sickness of the heart occasioned by hope delayed.

"There's something about a needle and a pole," said Mrs Shortcake, to whom her taller rival in gossiping had at length yielded a peep at the subject of their curiosity.

"Now, that's downright shamefu'," said Mrs Heukbane, "to scorn the poor silly gait of a lassie, after he's keepit company wi' her sae lang, and had his will o' her, as I make nae doubt he has."

"It's but ower muckle to be doubted," echoed Mrs Shortcake;—"to cast up to her that her father's a barber, and has a pole at his door, and that she's but a manty-maker hersel! Fy for shame!"

"Hout, tout, leddies," cried Mrs Mailsetter, "ye're clean wrang—It's a line out o' ane o' his sailors sangs that I have heard him sing, about being true like the needle to the pole."

"Weel, weel, I wish it may be sae—

but it doesna look weel for a lassie like her to keep up a correspondence wi' ane o' the king's officers."

"I'm no denying that," said Mrs Mailsetter; "but it's a great advantage to the revenue of the post-office thae love letters —See, here's five or six letters to Sir Arthur Wardour—maist o' them sealed wi' wafers and no wi' wax—there will be a downcome there, believe me."

"Aye; they will be business letters, and no frae ony o' his grand friends, that seals wi' their coats of arms, as they ca' them," said Mrs Heukbane; "pride will hae a fa'—he hasna settled his account wi' my gudeman, the deacon, for this twalmonth—he's but slink, I doubt."

"Nor wi' huz for sax months," echoed Mrs Shortcake—"He's but a brunt crust."

"There's a letter," interrupted the trusty postmistress, "from his son, the captain, I'm thinking—the seal has the same things wi' the Knockwinnock carriage. He'll be coming hame to see what he can save out o' the fire."

The baronet thus dismissed, they took up the esquire—"Twa letters for Monkbarns—they're frae some o' his learned friends now—See sae close as they're written down to the very seal—and a' to save sending a double letter—that's just like Monkbarns himsel. When he gets a frank he fills it up exact to the weight of an unce, that a carvy-seed would sink the scale—but he's ne'er a grain abune it. Weel I wot I wad be broken if I were to gie sic weight to the folk that come to buy our pepper and brimstone and sweetmeats."

"He's a shabby body the laird o' Monkbarns," said Mrs Heukbane,—"he'll make as muckle about buying a fore quarter o' lamb in August, as about a backsey o' beef. Let's taste another drap o' the sinning—(perhaps she meant *cinnamon*)—waters, Mrs Mailsetter, my dear—Ah! lassies, an' ye had kend his brother as I did—mony a time he wad slip in to see me wi' a brace o' wild deukes in his pouch, when my first

gudeman was awa' at the Falkirk tryst—weel, weel—we'se no speak o' that e'enow."

"I winna say ony ill o' this Monkbarns," said Mrs Shortcake; "his brother ne'er brought me ony wild deukes, and this is a douce honest man—we serve the family wi' bread, and he settles wi' huz ilka week—only he was in an unco kippage when we sent him a book instead o' the *nick-sticks,* whilk, he said, were the true ancient way o' counting between tradesmen and customers, and sae they are, nae doubt."

"But look here, lassies," interrupted Mrs Mailsetter, "here's a sight for sair e'en!—What wad ye gie to ken what's in the inside o' this letter?—this is new corn—I hae nae seen the like o' this—For William Lovel, Esquire, at Mrs Hadoway's, High-street, Fairport, by Edinburgh, N. B. This is just the second letter he has had since he was here."

"Lord's sake, let's see, lass! Lord's sake, let's see!—that's him that the hale town

kens naething about—and a weel-fa'ard lad he is—let's see, let's see." Thus ejaculated the two worthy representatives of mother Eve.

"Na, na, sirs," exclaimed Mrs Mailsetter; "haud awa'—bide aff I tell you—this is nane o' your fourpenny cuts that we might make up the value to the post-office amang ourselves if ony mischance befell it—the postage is five and twenty shillings—and here's an order frae the Secretary to forward it to the young gentleman by express, if he's no at hame. Na, na, sirs, this manna be roughly guided."

"But just let's look at the outside o't, woman."

Nothing could be gathered from the outside, except remarks on the various properties which philosophers ascribe to matter—length, breadth, depth, and weight. The packet was composed of strong thick paper, imperviable by the curious eyes of the gossips, though they stared as if they would burst from their sockets. The seal was a

deep and strong impression of arms, which defied all tampering.

"Odd, lass," said Mrs Shortcake, weighing it in her hand, and wishing, doubtless, that the too, too solid wax would melt and dissolve itself, "I wad like to ken what's in the inside o' this, for that Lovel dings a' that ever set foot on the plainstanes o' Fairport—naebody kens what to make o' him."

"Weel, weel, leddies," said the postmistress, "we'se sit down and crack about it—Baby, bring ben the tea-water—Mickle obliged to ye for your cookies, Mrs Shortcake—and then we'll steek the shop, and cry ben Baby, and take a hand at the cartes till the gudeman comes hame—and then we'll try your braw veal sweet-bread that ye were so kind as send me, Mrs Heukbane."

"But winna ye first send awa' Mr Lovel's letter?" said Mrs Heukbane.

"Troth I kenna wha to send wi't till the gudeman comes hame, for auld Caxon

tell'd me that Mr Lovel stays a' the day at Monkbarns—he's in a high fever wi' pu'-ing the laird and Sir Arthur out o' the sea."

"Silly auld doited carles," said Mrs Shortcake; "what gar'd them gang a douking in a night like yestreen?"

"I was gi'en to understand it was auld Edie that saved them," said Mrs Heukbane; "Edie Ochiltree, the Blue-gown, ye ken—and that he pu'd the hale three out of the auld fish pond, for Monkbarns had threepit on them to gang in till't to see the wark o' the monks lang syne."

"Hout, lass, nonsense," answered the postmistress; "I'll tell ye a' about it as Caxon tell't it to me. Ye see, Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour, and Mr Lovel, suld hae dined at Monkbarns"——

"But, Mrs Mailsetter," again interrupted Mrs Heukbane, "will ye no be for sending awa' this letter by express?—there's our poney and our callant hae gane expresses for the office or now, and the po-

ney hasna gane abune thirty mile the day —Jock was sorting him up as I came ower bye."

"Why, Mrs Heukbane," said the woman of letters, pursing up her mouth, "ye ken my gudeman likes to ride the expresses himsel—we maun gie our ain fish-guts to our ain sea-maws—it's a red half-guinea to him every time he mounts his mare—and I dare say he'll be in sune—or I dare to say, it's the same thing whether the gentleman gets the express this night or early next morning."

"Only that Mr Lovel will be in toun before the express goes off," said Mrs Heukbane, "and whare are ye then, lass?—but ye ken yere ain ways best."

"Weel, weel, Mrs Heukbane," answered Mrs Mailsetter, a little out of humour, and even out of countenance, "I am sure I am never against being neighbour-like, and living, and letting live, as they say, and since I hae been sic a fule as to show you the post-office order—ou, nae doubt, it

maun be obeyed—but I'll no need your callant, mony thanks to ye—I'll send little Davie on your poney, and that will be just five-and-threepence to ilka yane o' us."

"Davie! Lord help ye, the bairn's no ten year auld; and to be plain wi' ye, our poney reists a bit, and it's dooms sweer to the road, and naebody can manage him but our Jock."

"I'm sorry for that," answered the post-mistress gravely, "it's like we maun wait then till the gudeman comes hame, after a'—for I wadna like to be responsible in trusting the letter to sic a callant as Jock—our Davie belangs in a manner to the office."

"Aweel, weel, Mrs Mailsetter, I see what ye wad be at—but an ye like to risk the bairn, I'll risk the beast."

Orders were accordingly given. The unwilling poney was brought out of his bed of straw, and again equipped for service—Davie (a leathern post-bag strapped across his shoulders) was perched upon the saddle,

with a tear in his eye, and a switch in his hand. Jock good-naturedly led the animal out of the town, and, by the crack of his whip, and the hoop and halloo of his too well-known voice, compelled it to take the road towards Monkbarns.

Meanwhile the gossips, like the sybils after consulting their leaves, arranged and combined the information of the evening, which flew next morning through an hundred channels, and in an hundred varieties, through the world of Fairport. Many, strange, and inconsistent, were the rumours to which their communications and conjectures gave rise. Some said Tennant and Co. were broken, and that all their bills had come back protested—others that they had got a great contract from government, and letters from the principal merchants at Glasgow, desiring to have shares upon a premium. One report stated that Lieutenant Taffril had acknowledged a private marriage with Jenny Caxon—another that he had sent her a letter, upbraiding her

with the lowness of her birth and education, and bidding her an eternal adieu. It was generally reported that Sir Arthur Wardour's affairs had fallen into irretrievable confusion, and this rumour was only doubted by the wise, because the report was traced to Mrs Mailsetter's shop, a source more famous for the circulation of news than for their accuracy. But all agreed that a packet from the Secretary of State's office had arrived, directed for Mr Lovel, and had been forwarded by an orderly dragoon, dispatched from the head-quarters at Edinburgh, who had galloped through Fairport without stopping, except just to enquire the way to Monkbarns. The reason of such an extraordinary mission to a very peaceful and retired individual, was variously explained. Some said Lovel was an emigrant noble, summoned to head an insurrection that had broken out in La Vendee—others that he was a spy—others that he was a general officer, who was vi-

siting the coast privately—others that he was a prince of the blood, who was travelling *incognito.*

Meanwhile the progress of the packet, which occasioned such speculation, towards its destined owner at Monkbarns, had been perilous and interrupted. The bearer, Davie Mailsetter, as little resembling a bold dragoon as could well be imagined, was carried onwards towards Monkbarns by the poney, so long as the animal had in its recollection the crack of its usual instrument of chastisement, and the shout of the butcher's boy. But feeling how Davie, whose short legs were unequal to maintain his balance, swung to and fro upon his back, the poney began to disdain further compliance with the intimations he had received. First, then, he slackened his pace to a walk. This was no point of quarrel between him and his rider, who had been considerably discomposed by the rapidity of his former motion, and who now took the opportunity of his abated pace to gnaw a piece of gingerbread,

which had been thrust into his hand by his mother, in order to reconcile this youthful emissary of the post-office to the discharge of his duty. Bye and bye the crafty poney availed himself of this surcease of discipline to twitch the rein out of Davie's hands, and apply himself to brouze on the grass by the side of the lane. Sorely astounded by these symptoms of self-willed rebellion, and afraid alike to sit or to fall, poor Davie lifted up his voice and wept aloud. The poney, hearing this pudder over his head, began apparently to think it would be best both for himself and Davie to return from whence they came, and accordingly commenced a retrograde movement towards Fairport. But, as all retreats are apt to end in utter rout, so the steed, alarmed by the boy's cries, and by the flapping of the reins, which dangled about his forefeet—finding also his nose turned homeward, began to set off at a rate which, if Davie kept the saddle, (a matter extremely dubious) would soon have presented him at Heukbane's

stable door, when, at a turn of the road, an intervening auxiliary, in the shape of old Edie Ochiltree, caught hold of the rein, and stopped his farther proceeding. "Wha's aught ye, callant? what an a gate's that to ride?"

"I canna help it!—they ca' me little Davie."

"And where are ye gaun?"

"I'm gaun to Monkbarns."

"Stirra, this is no the road to Monkbarns."

But Davie could only answer the expostulation with sighs and tears.

Old Edie was easily moved to compassion where childhood was in the case. "I wasna gaun that gate," he thought, "but it's the best o' my way o' life that I canna be weel out o' my road. They'll gie me quarters at Monkbarns readily aneugh, and I'll e'en hirple awa' there wi' the wean, for it will knock it's harns out, puir thing, if there's no somebody to guide the poney. —Sae ye hae a letter, hinney? will ye let me see't?"

"I'm no gaun to let naebody see the letter," blubbered the boy, "till I gie't to Mr Neville, for I am a faithfu' servant o' the office—if it were na for the poney."

"Very right, my little man," said Ochiltree, turning the reluctant poney's head towards Monkbarns, "but we'll guide him atween us, if he's no a' the sweerer."

Upon the very height of Kinprunes, to which Monkbarns had invited Lovel after their dinner, the Antiquary, once more reconciled to the once-degraded spot, was expatiating upon the topics the scenery afforded for a description of Agricola's camp at the dawn of morning, when his eye was caught by the appearance of the mendicant and his protegé. "What the devil!—here comes old Edie, bag and baggage, I think."

The beggar explained his errand, and Davie, who insisted upon a literal execution of his commission by going on to Monkbarns, was with difficulty prevailed upon to surrender the packet to its pro-

per owner, although he met him a mile nearer than the place he had been directed to. " But my minnie said, I maun be sure to get twenty shillings and five shillings for the postage, and ten shillings and sixpence for the express—there's the paper."

" Let me see—let me see," said Oldbuck, putting on his spectacles, and examining the crumpled copy of regulations to which Davie appealed. " Express, per man and horse, one day, not to exceed ten shillings and sixpence.—One day? why, it's not an hour——Man and horse? why, 'tis a monkey on a starved cat!"

" Father wad hae come himsel," said Davie, " on the muckle red mare, an ye wad hae bidden till the morn's night."

" Four-and-twenty hours after the regular date of delivery!—You little cockatrice egg, do you understand the art of imposition so early?"

" Hout, Monkbarns, dinna set your wit against a bairn," said the beggar; " mind

the butcher risked his beast, and the wife her wean, and I am sure ten and sixpence is na ower muckle. Ye didna gang sae near wi' Johnnie Howie, when"——

Lovel, who, sitting on the supposed *Prætorium*, had glanced over the contents of the packet, now put an end to the altercation by paying Davie's demand, and then turning to Mr Oldbuck, with a look of much agitation, he excused himself from returning with him to Monkbarns that evening. "I must instantly go to Fairport, and perhaps leave it on a moment's notice; your kindness, Mr Oldbuck, I never can forget."

"No bad news, I hope?" said the Antiquary.

"Of a very chequered complexion," answered his friend—"Farewell—in good or bad fortune I will not forget your regard."

"Nay, nay,—stop, stop a moment. If—if—(making an effort)—if there be any pecuniary inconvenience—I have fifty—or a hundred guineas, at your service—till—till

Whitsunday—or indeed as long as you please."

"I am much obliged, Mr Oldbuck, but I am amply provided. Excuse me—I really cannot sustain further conversation at present. I will write, or see you, before I leave Fairport—that is, if I find myself obliged to go." So saying, he shook the Antiquary's hand warmly, turned from him, and walked rapidly towards the town, "staying no longer question."

"Very extraordinary indeed," said Oldbuck; "but there's something about this lad I can never fathom; and yet I cannot for my heart think ill of him neither. I must go home and take off the fire in the Green Room, for none of my womankind will venture into it after twilight."

"And how am I to win hame?" blubbered the disconsolate express.

"It's a fine night," said the Blue-gown, looking up to the skies; "I had as gude gang back to the town, and take care o' the wean."

"Do so, do so, Edie;" and, rummaging for some time in his huge waistcoat pocket till he found the object of his search, the Antiquary added, "there's sixpence to ye to buy sneeshin."

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. THE TANJORE

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne and Co.